Saturday Review

MARCH 9, 1963 / 25¢

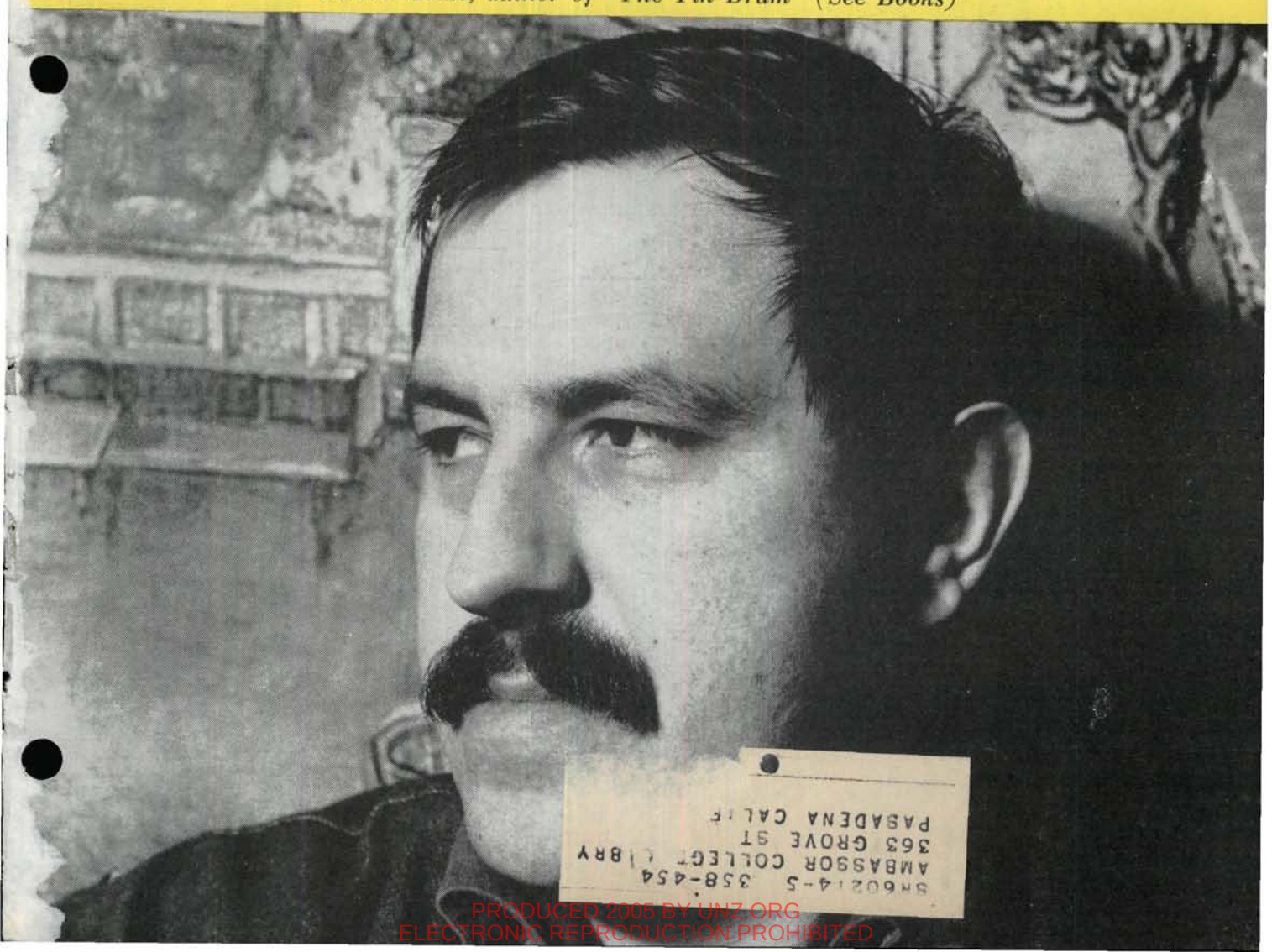
COMMUNICATIONS

WHAT IS THE NEW GERMANY?

VIRGINIUS DABNEY:
An Affirmative Report

MARSHALL FISHWICK:
Some Cautionary Notes

Gunter Grass, author of "The Tin Drum" (See Books)



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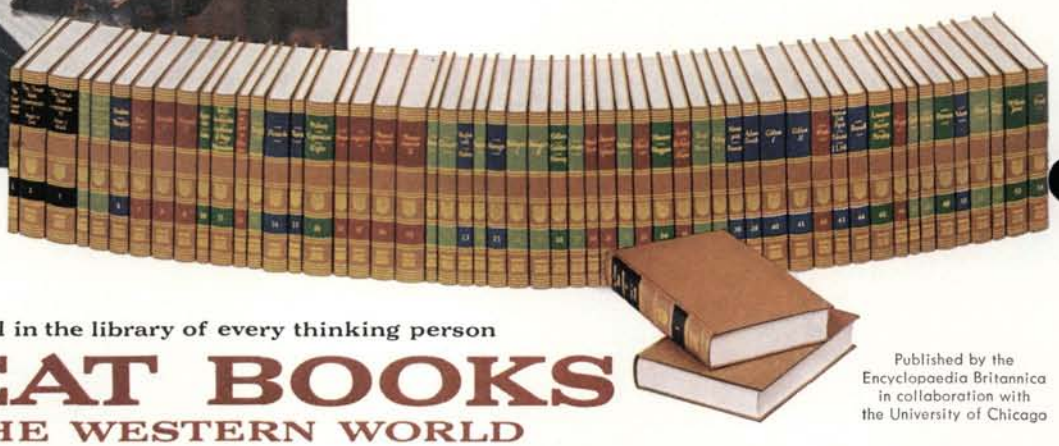

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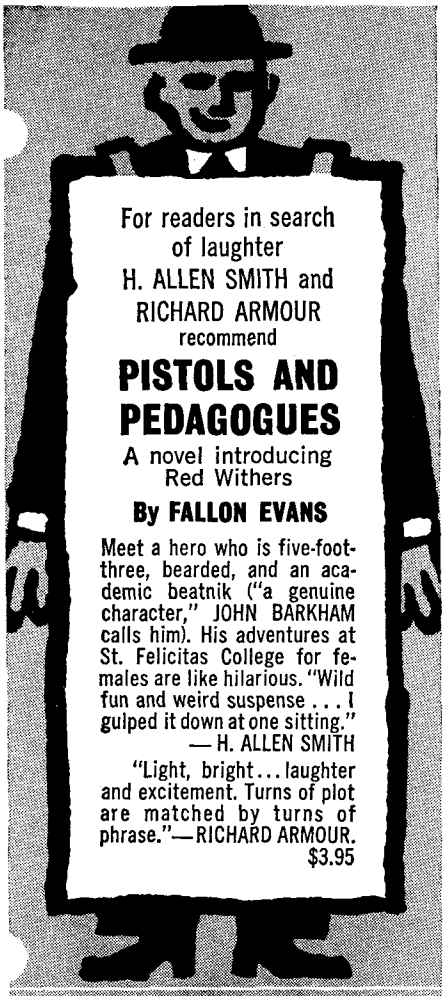
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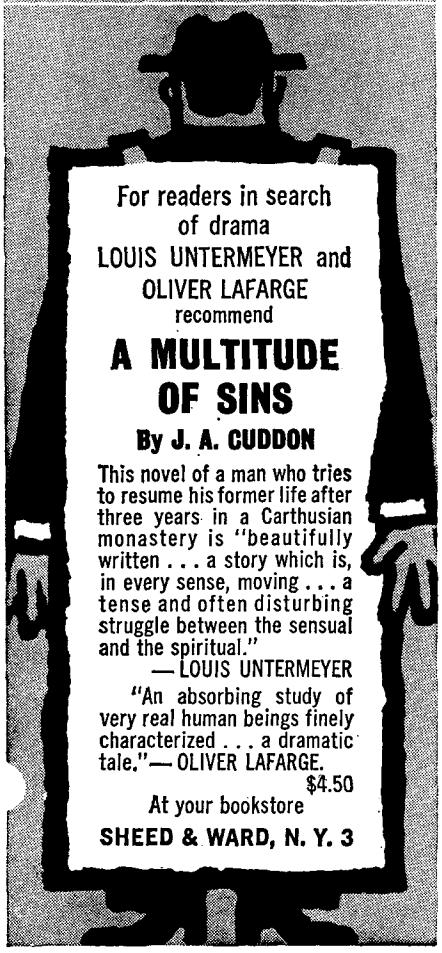
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For years, I've been considered hopelessly out of date. An undisguised admiration for the writers of the seventeenth century has led my friends to await my literary judgments with pity and terror.

Now, at last, the Anchor Books people have come along to prove that I was right all the time: this month the first five titles in the new Anchor Seventeenth-Century Series will appear, and these paperback volumes suggest a reconsideration of the English writing of that period.

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Old fashioned, sir? The back of my hand to you.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

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THE PHOENIX NEST

Number, Please

Edited by Martin Levin

EXAMINATION QUESTION FOR A COURSE
IN THE ENGLISH ROMANTIC POETS

Wordsworth, as far as is known, had only one fling,
The Annette Vallon thing.
Byron, on the other hand, had a girl in every port
As well as inland, and of every sort.
Coleridge, who could walk a hundred miles without a blister
Cared less for his wife than for Wordsworth's sister.
Keats never married, such being the price
Of consumption. Shelley, however, married twice.
And here is a question (biographical, critical, and semantic),
The answer to which is not as easy as pie:
Which Romantic was the most romantic,
And why?

—RICHARD ARMOUR.

• • •

THE PERSISTENT CAT

TODAY'S mail has brought another of those heartwarming, almost unbelievable animal stories for which I am such a pushover—largely because of their surprise endings. It is a pleasure to pass this one along to my readers.

When Mr. and Mrs. Donald Edge decided to move from their Pennsylvania farm to an apartment in Philadelphia, they held a discussion about their beloved old gray cat, Major.

"We'll have to leave him here," said Mr. Edge. "The new people will take good care of him. He'd never be happy in the city, anyway, cooped up in a small apartment."

"It seems cruel, though," said Mrs. Edge. "The poor thing is half blind, and he adores us so! Just look at him—right now. I think he knows what we're saying!"

Major did seem to know, too. With a mad, woebegone look in his good eye, he moped off to a corner. When time came for his dinner, he refused to eat, and that evening, instead of curling up on the foot of the Edges' bed, which he had done ever since he was a tiny kitten, he slept in the hall closet, nuzzled against Mr. Edge's overshoes.

He continued to mope, and would eat very little, and when the day came for the Edges to leave, he dragged his thin, scraggly frame out onto the front porch and sat, watching them get into the car.

"Oh, I can't bear it," said Mrs. Edge. "I don't care how nice the new people will be to him. He's going to miss *us*. I just can't bear it."

"It's all right," said Mr. Edge, starting the engine. "Don't be sentimental. He'll have a good home here. A city apartment is no place for a country cat. . . ."

It was a seventy-three-mile trip into Philadelphia, and all the way, Mrs. Edge kept remarking that they had done a terrible thing to Major. "I think we're cruel," she kept saying. "He'll pine his little heart away for us."

"No he won't, either," said Mr. Edge. "By tomorrow, he'll have forgotten we ever existed."

Three weeks later, when she was washing the breakfast dishes one morning, Mrs. Edge heard a loud "meowing" outside the apartment door. She ran to the door, opened it, and there, on his haunches, his head back, and meowing louder than any cat has ever been known to meow, sat Mr. Edge.

"Get up from there!" said Mrs. Edge. "What's the matter with you? I thought you'd gone to work, and here you sit, meowing. Have you lost your mind?"

"I guess I have," whimpered Mr. Edge, getting slowly to his feet and shuffling into the apartment. "I've worried myself sick over what we did to that damned cat."

—HAYES B. JACOBS.

• • •

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(Being a dream sequence in the life of one befuddled reader of popular magazines)

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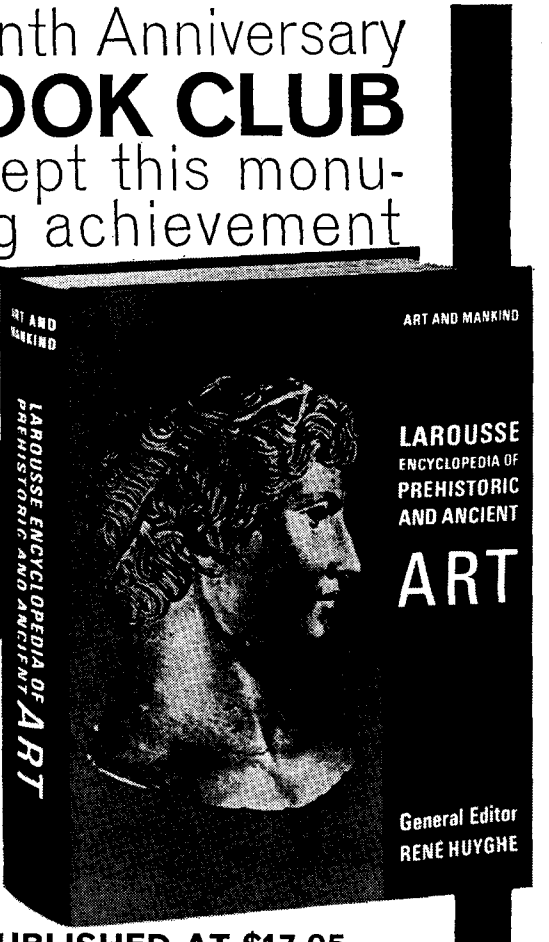

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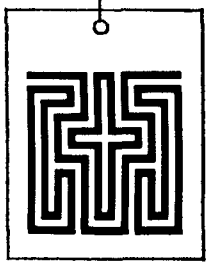

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gentlemen, what progress since we last met?

ATLANTIC (ruefully): Nothing much from me, I'm afraid. We're still putting the numbers in the center of the lower margin so they have to open the book wide to find them. Oh, yes, we did something cute in January. Fellow reads to the bottom of page 73, then he finds two pages of ads without numbers and then comes 78. What we did was put in one of those subscription cards and count it as two pages but the reader doesn't know that. He's already ripped the card out, and now he'll always think he's missing part of the book.

HARPER'S: We're happy about our February. We string them along a bit and then—bang! The index is in the usual place and it looks real but on thirteen out of eighteen listings we give them numbers that don't appear in the book at all. One other thing. I don't know if this is a record, Mr. Chairman, but we managed to raise our unnumbered page count to almost 44 per cent.

CHAIRMAN (beaming): Oh that *is* splendid! I'll check on that record and let you know. Who's next?

HOLIDAY: I'm sort of embarrassed after hearing *Harper's.* Our makeup people goofed and let numbers go through on almost two-thirds of our last issue. But we did jump a Department of Labor piece from 121 to 131, by a total of fourteen pages if you count the four pages of ads and some stuff about Chinese cooking that we slipped in between.

SATURDAY REVIEW: That index stunt of *Harper's* is pretty good. But I think we can top it. We have two indexes: one for the front of the book and one for the supplements in the rear. Some things we list in both indexes. Some in either, and some in neither. But whatever we do, we never index the index.

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC (smugly): Down in Washington, we see no reason to fool around all the time. We're doing all right the way we are. First place, our index is on the front cover, last spot anybody'd look. Then we number consecutively from the first page in January to the last page in December. Real funny to see a fellow pick up a copy around November, finally locate the index, and then find the first article begins on page 1023. As for numbers, we put them top, bottom, corners, any old place. Lot of fun.

CHAIRMAN: Thank you. Let's all keep on trying. I feel sure we haven't run out of ideas by a long shot. Now let's all join in singing one chorus of "Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered."

—RALPH CHAPMAN.

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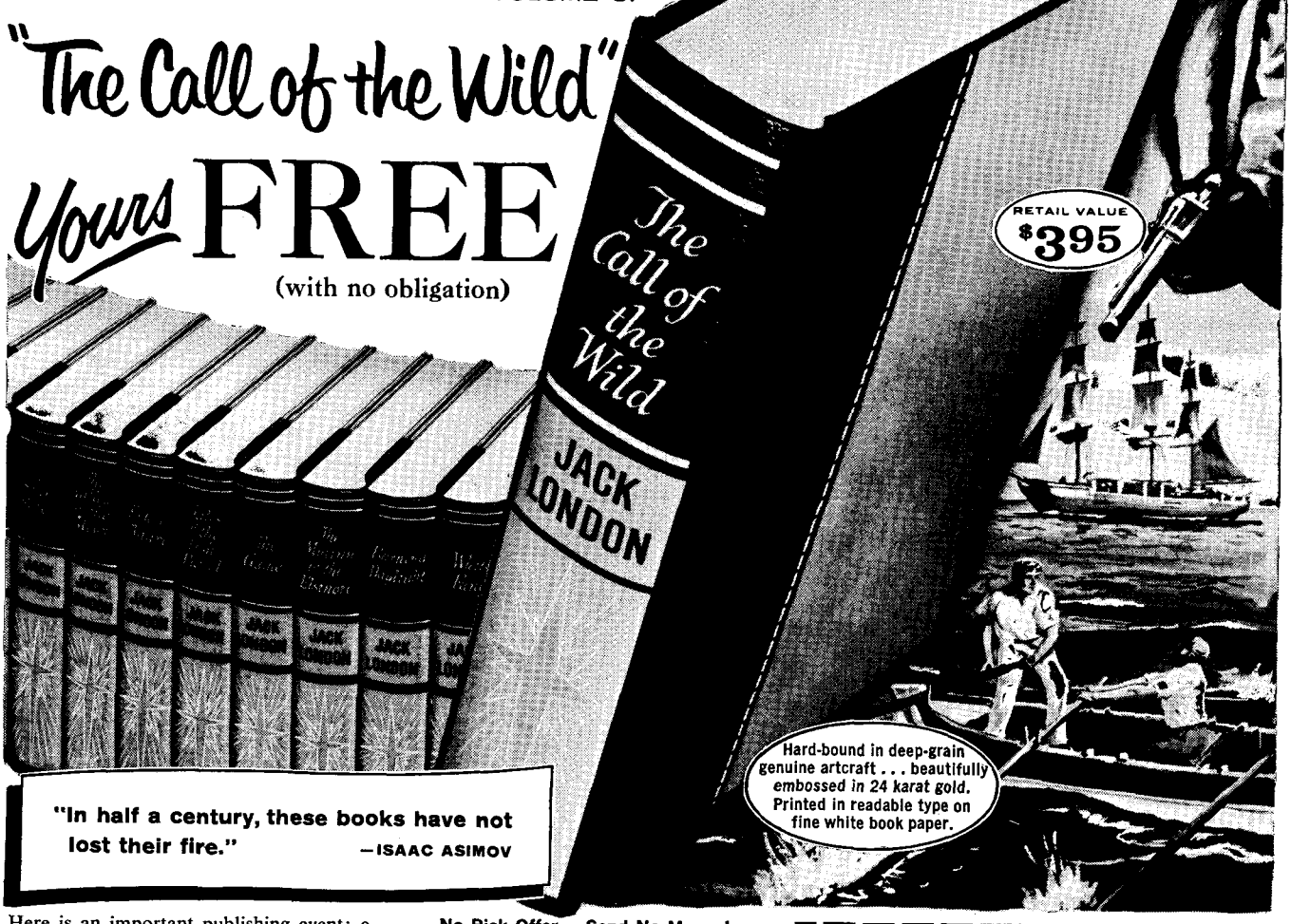
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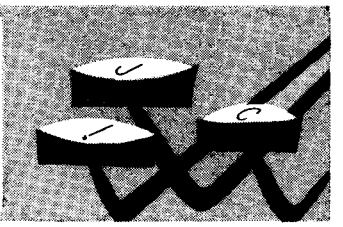
Manner of Speaking



HI-CULT: Dwight Macdonald has just published "Against the American Grain," subtitled "Essays on the Effects of Mass Culture," and along with all who would not be slobs, I have been reading my way, brow by brow, to the top of the conceptual dome. I may as well confess that I am not at all sure of what vision has come to me in the process. The image I see is blurred but seems to resemble both the top of Plato's skull and some sort of Ptolemaic system of sphere within sphere. Clearly, however, the force of the vision is to drive souls upward to some sort of Empyrean inhabited by Dwight Macdonald, *Partisan Review*, and a few pure attendant souls transfused by the radiance of High Culture. These, like the self-delighting angels, take no thought, as a rule, but of their own joy in the Presence. Occasionally, however, they join Rossetti and the Blessed Damozel at the plush bars of heaven and lean out to stare at the world below, their eyes piercing through the fogs of mid-cult (through which wander such lost souls as the subscribers to *Harper's*, *The Atlantic*, *The New Yorker*, and *SR*), and deeper yet to the miasma of masscult, in whose Lucean and Digestian quagmires flounder the entirely unwashed.

Masscult, mid-cult, and high culture are Macdonald's own terms and he brings them briskly to conclusion no later than the second paragraph of his introduction:

> Up to about 1750, art and thought were pretty much the exclusive province of an educated minority. Now that the masses—that is, everybody—are getting into the act and making the scene, the problem of vulgarization has become acute. I see only two logical solutions: (a) an attempt to integrate the masses into high culture; or (b) a contrary attempt to define two cultures, one for the masses and the other for the classes [Note: by "classes" M. means "an intellectual elite"]. I am for the latter.

There is, to be sure, an argument t be made for his position. Nor is it necessary to agree with his conclusion in order to grant substance to the argument. All that seems necessary, in fact, is a general willingness to concede the obvious, at marshaling which Macdonald is a master. Yes, cultural bad coinage does tend to drive out the good. Yes, the democratic dream of universal literacy has turned into the sad fact of the college-certified illiterate who can read a newspaper and is thereby permitted (to follow the Macdonald style) to believe a) that he can read anything, and b) the illusion that he is, therefore, culturally as "good as anyone." And yes, markets are where you find them. And yes, such entrepreneurs as Luce have learned to can for the diplomate-illiterati a mass culture as empty as Hollywood's. And yes, yes, yes, in principle and on into endless documentation.

Nor, as Macdonald argues, is the pseudo-culture of mid-cult a place in which to look for those life-penetrating perceptions that breathe from the work of a true artist (what Macdonald calls "the union of major emotion with good writing" — whatever a major emotior may be). He does seem firmly persuaded that such elements of High Culture can be found in *Partisan Review*—a persuasion that should be good for at least a minor snicker. But the best the man can do in his effort to set the defining condition of the mid-cult rags comes down to his claim that "the editors consistently—one might almost say on principle—underestimate the intelligence of the readers. . . ., whom the editor both fears and patronizes."

Macdonald obviously lives a satisfying fantasy life, and even an enviable one. Among its personal blessings one must certainly note the ease with which it permits him to accuse others of downgrading the reader, while leaving him free to stand as a champion of hi-cult when he spends thirty-one relentlessly documented pages in attacking so formidably obvious a target as "Howtoism" and the do-it-yourself craze.

I do not mean to imply that Macdonald is merely a pretentious oaf, though the range of his talents leaves many roles open to him. Seldom, however, have I come upon a more pretentious defense of high culture more oafishly phrased. Whatever his conceptual aspirations, his sense of language is as tinny as that of any peddler to masscult. No reader is likely to need Macdonald's confession that be began his professional life with Henry Luce: the language of those barbarous bureaus

The Thing

By Theodore Roethke

SUDDENLY they came flying, like a long scarf of smoke,
Trailing a thing—what was it?—small as a lark
Above the blue air, in the slight haze beyond,
A thing in and out of sight,
Flashing between gold levels of the late sun,
Then throwing itself up and away from the implacable swift pursuers,
Confusing them once flying straight into the sun
So they circled aimlessly for almost a minute,
Only to find, with their long terrible eyes,
The small thing diving down toward a hill,
Where they dropped again
In one streak of pursuit.

Then the first bird
Struck;
Then another, another,
Until there was nothing left,
Not even feathers from so far away.

And we turned to our picnic
Of veal soaked in marsala and little larks arranged on a long platter,
And we drank the dry harsh wine
While I poked with a stick at a stone near a four-pronged flower,
And a black bull nudged at a wall in the valley below,
And the blue air darkened.

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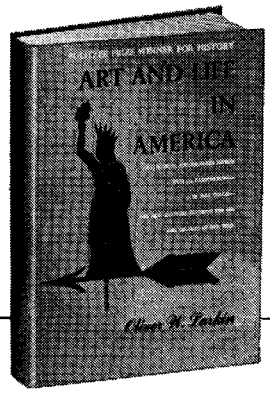

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stays with him as its own announcement.

Let any reader look back to Macdonald's statement of his thesis and ask if such terms can conceivably form an idiom of perception. "Pretty much . . . exclusive province of . . . problem has become acute . . ."—such terms are from the idiom of exactly that vulgarization of concept, native to M-journalist, against which M-arbiter inveighs so tirelessly. And so tiresomely.

And always, be it noted, while defending style as the essence. In his own words (and let me file in advance my dissent from the use of "this" as a pronoun without specified grammatical antecedent—a journalistic slovenliness Macdonald indulges on every page, despite his frequent bows to Fowler's "Modern English Usage," *q.v.*):

> I think this is a false distinction. An idea doesn't exist apart from the words that express it. Style is not an envelope enclosing a message; the envelope *is* the message.

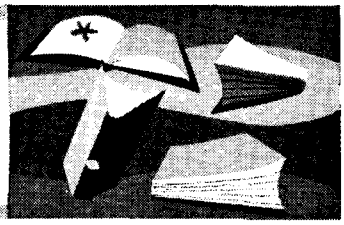
A tidy figure that. I must make a note of it for future mail-sorting.

But metaphoric deafness is only one of Macdonald's hi-cult insensitivities. So it is that the same man who can be so righteously obvious about "the atrocious prose style of most of our academic historians" can write, out of his own fist, such prose as: "There are several reasons that it is important to maintain standards in the use of language." And again: "But the amateur is not necessarily inferior in skill to the professional." And again: "assuming the first alternative is ironical, I would say the second is impractical." And again: "they don't appeal to my kind of mind." And again (speaking of British newspapers): "the daily papers are divided about like ours." Or in his brisk general style, so nicely modeled on the forms of the American business letter: "This doctrinaire smugness blinds them to the real problems of their enterprise by giving them mechanical, ready-made solutions that often don't fill the bill" (Shades of Dwight D.E.!). Or in no style at all: "Twain dipped up memories at random saying as much as he felt like upon the occasion."

I am left to conclude—in Macdonaldese—that though it is much to my regret that to forego my dream of mid-cult slobbery is pretty much an acute problem in what is known to the trade as my psyche, it's still like I just can't make the scene on account of the envelope that *is* the message just won't fill the bill without like a letter inside. And beg to remain,

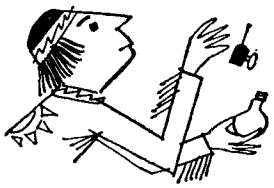
yrs in mid-cult,
—JOHN CIARDI.

Trade Winds



FROM THE HALLS of NBC, Dick Kellerman advises us that a friend of his just turned down an offer to become a disciplinarian in an Egyptian school for masseurs. "It is more of a job for a Cairopractor," he says.

FROM WALNUT CREEK, CALIFORNIA, Dorothy Larson writes us that a young Indian left his reservation to study electricity. He later returned to his people, and found that the large community bathroom had no electricity. He immediately installed lighting in it—thus becoming the first Indian to wire a head for a reservation.



FROM TYRONE, PENNSYLVANIA, Jack Derr writes us again to say that when a friend of his came down with a bad case of laryngitis, he carried a card around reading: THINGS WILL HAVE TO GET VOICE BEFORE THEY GET BETTER.

FROM BROOKLINE, MASSACHUSETTS, Harry Ober reports that he was a little concerned about whether the electric toothbrush he received for a birthday present would injure the enamel on his teeth. "However," he writes, "I found the bristles quite soft, and discovered that the tooth is stronger than friction."

A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO we lamented the fact that the sharp, quotable phrases of the late Bob Benchley, George S. Kaufman, and others of the Algonquin Round Table were no longer manifest in the present times. We did point out that playwright and mystery writer William Roos was a bright sign on the horizon, and reported several of his quips: 1) When cartoonist Charles Addams was recalling a horrible dream, and said that it scared him so much that his hands were cold and wet and his mouth was hot and dry, Roos commented: "Why didn't you put your hands in your mouth?" 2) When asked how he enjoyed driving to Florida and back with his family, Roos said: "Have you ever spent four days in a Studebaker with those you love best?" 3) When his wife Audrey, herself a mystery writer, got out of bed one morning to check the weather and temperature, she reported to Roos that it was cold, dismal, and forty. Said Roos: "Who isn't?"

As a result of reporting these bon mots, we received a note from a leading publisher asking where he could get in touch with Bill Roos, that it seemed that he should stop writing mysteries and write a humorous novel for him.

Roos was in Spain, writing the script for the first "smellie" for Mike Todd, Jr. (Roos's comment on the opening night of the film: "We were scared to death the competition would get there with Airwick.") However, he was very pleased with the suggestion, and set about writing his first humorous novel. He completed it, and sent it off hopefully to the publisher.

Then he returned by plane to the United States, and waited. (On the plane, he discovered he only had half a seat belt, and asked the steward if he could change seats. "I don't like to feel half-safe," he said.) Ironically, the original publisher decided not to publish the book, but Doubleday immediately jumped at the chance. The result is one of the more delightful and witty novels of the season: "Where's Daddy?"

A LITTLE AFTER "Where's Daddy" was under way, novelist Al Morgan began writing his sixth book, after taking a healthy swipe at the unhealthy elements in television ("The Great Man"), Hollywood ("Cast of Characters"), the theatre ("A Small Success"), the Army ("One Star General"), and the church ("A Minor Miracle"). Morgan's abrasive pen was noted by a friend when he heard Morgan was going to take a vacation on Cape Cod. "Good old Morgan," said the friend, "is giving Cape Cod two weeks to get out of town."

His new book is "The Six-Eleven," and it deals with a commuting train

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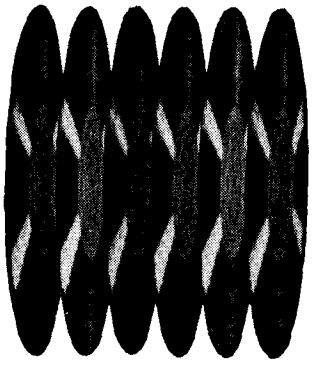

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611 ELLIOTT CARTER: Symphony No. 1. ALEXEI HAIEFF: Divertimento.
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622 HENRY COWELL: Thesis (Symphony No. 15). RODOLFO HALFFTER: Ballet Suite, "La Madrugada Del Panadero" (The Early Awakening of the Baker).
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wreck. "For once," Morgan says, "I fought against having my picture put on the back of the jacket. I live outside of New York in Bronxville, and I'm afraid that the first conductor who reads my book is going to pick up my ticket and not give it back. There's too much of this fifty-mile hike business going on these days without my getting involved."

If the first reactions to the book, which is just being released, mean anything, Morgan may be able to build his own railroad. In the meantime, he recalls the struggle he and his publishers (Morrow) had to get the right title.

"We came up with a lot of ideas, but none of them seemed just right until 'The Six-Eleven' came along. Before that, we were stymied. The book has some of the anatomy of Thornton Wilder's 'Bridge of San Luis Rey,' in that several characters are propelled by their fate and their timetables into a common disaster. Since we had a train instead of a bridge, the only idea I could come up with was 'The Atchison, Topeka, and the San Luis Rey.'"

FROM WEST CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS, Malcolm Ferguson writes to say that he would like to report to the authorities, proper or otherwise, the following conversation:

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—JOHN G. FULLER.

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*Two sentences transposed, and "just" added to get the needed J.

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"In Quotes"

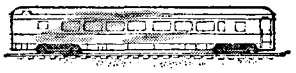
"The absence of newspapers, the absence of news about what men are doing in different parts of the world to make life more livable or unlivable, is the greatest single boon. If we could just eliminate newspapers a great advance would be made, I am sure of it. Newspapers engender lies, hatred, greed, envy, suspicion, fear, malice. We don't need the truth as it is dished up to us in the daily papers. We need peace and solitude and idleness. If we could all go on strike and honestly disavow all interest in what our neighbor is doing we might get a new lease of life. We might learn to do without machines of any kind, without factories, without mills, without mines, without explosives, without battleships, without politicians, without lawyers, without canned goods, without gadgets, without razor blades even or cellophane or cigarettes or money. This is a pipe dream, I know. People only go on strike for better working conditions, better wages, better opportunities to become something other than they are." —HENRY MILLER ("The Colossus of Maroussi")

"The swallow flies faster in the air than the deer moves on land; and faster than the swallow moves the mind of a man; and faster than the mind of a man, the heart of a woman."—NIHOS KAZANTZAKIS ("The Last Temptation of Christ")

"Humor is an affirmation of dignity, a declaration of man's superiority to all that befalls him."—ROMAIN GARY ("Promise at Dawn")

"There's the clip clop of horses on the sunhoneyed cobbles of the humming streets, hammering of horseshoes, gobble quack and cackle, tomtit twitter from the bird-ounced boughs, braying on Donkey Down. Bread is baking, pigs are grunting, chop goes the butcher, milk-churns bell, tills ring, sheep cough, dogs shout, saws sing. Oh, the Spring whinny and morning moo from the clog-dancing farms, the gull's gab and rabble on the boat-bubbling river and sea and the cockles bubbling in the sand, scamper of sanderlings, curlew cry, crow caw, pigeon coo, clock strike, bull bellow, and the ragged gabble of the bear-garden school as the women scratch and babble in Mrs. Organ Morgan's general shop where everything is sold: custard, henna, rat-traps, shrimp nets, sugar, stamps, confetti, paraffin, hatches, and whistles." — DYLAN THOMAS ("Under Milk Wood")

—COMPILED BY WALTER WEISS.



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Special Supplement Issue

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Saturday Review

MARCH 9, 1963

WHAT IS THE NEW GERMANY?

Postwar Germany, as much as any part of the world today, is a country with a past. The influence of that past on the present, and the outlook for the future, are assessed in this and the following article by two recent visitors to Germany, Virginius Dabney, editor of the Richmond Times-Dispatch, and Marshall Fishwick, author and historian.

1. Has Hitler's Ghost Been Laid?

By VIRGINIUS DABNEY

WHAT is the status of Nazism and anti-Semitism in West Gernany today? Does Hitler's obscene creed still have an appeal for Germans? Are the poisonous seeds he sowed germinating either publicly or beneath the surface of German life?

No fewer than ninety extreme right-wing groups, sympathizing "more or less openly" with National Socialism, are now operating in the Federal Republic of Germany. Are they vigorous and growing, or are they simply crackpot remnants of a discredited past?

The existence of ninety such groups was noted by the Bonn government's Ministry of the Interior in a recent report. However, the report went on to declare that all these organizations combined had a total membership of only 12,300 as of December 31, 1961, and that they had lost 35 per cent of their adherents. Membership in extreme right-wing youth groups had fallen to 2,100, in contrast to the 4,500,000 enrolled in Democratic youth organizations.

A disturbing trend in the other direction also was cited by the Ministry of the Interior. It is that some 450 "overseas parties and organizations" are trying to revive Fascism in the German Republic. One of these is the East German Ministry of State Security. During the Eichmann trial, it printed anti-Semitic pamphlets and smuggled them into West Germany, to make it appear that an S.S. underground was operating there.

The Adenauer government is doing its best to smash any slight tendency toward a revival of Nazism, and also to atone for the slaughter of the Jews under Hitler. The Federal Republic is completing its ten-year program of reparations to Israel on March 10, under the Treaty of Restitution signed in 1952. Israeli officials stated recently that the West German Government has faithfully carried out its obligations under this agreement.

EVERYONE realizes, of course, that shipments to Israel of power stations, oil pipe lines, and other such facilities can never atone for the murder of millions. But the government at Bonn is genuinely anxious to make amends. A law providing "final compensation" to the victims of Nazi persecution was said in November to be in preparation for presentation to the Bundestag "within a few months."

Thirteen thousand prosecutions of one-time Nazis have resulted in about 5,000 jail sentences since 1945. There is no death penalty in West Germany, but some long prison terms have been meted out. The trials are still proceeding.

At Dachau the Germans have carefully preserved the most gruesome exhibits as a warning to future generations. The complete Nazi murder apparatus at the notorious concentration camp near Munich is maintained by the Bavarian Government as a museum, open to the public.

Here, just as it was in the palmy days of Der Fuehrer, is the crematorium where the bodies were burned in four furnaces. Here are the places of execution, where tens of thousands of Jews, Russians, Poles, and others were shot in the back of the neck, hanged, beaten to death, starved to death, worked to death, or allowed to die of typhus or other diseases. (The gas chamber, surprisingly enough, never got into operation, since it was constructed late and was steadily and successfully sabotaged by the inmates, the pamphlet on Dachau, sold to visitors, declares.)

Dachau is not only maintained in all its grimness as a warning that such horrors shall not be repeated, but definite plans are under way to develop it more fully as an international memorial. Arrangements are going forward under a multi-nation committee with headquarters in Brussels to raise $400,000. It is planned to open the expanded Dachau memorial on April 29, 1965, the twentieth anniversary of the camp's liberation by U.S. troops. Contributions have already been made by the city councils

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of Munich, Dachau, and Paris, and the government of Luxembourg.

The Dachau camp has been tidied up since I visited it in the icy winter of 1947. Bloodstains on the walls of the room where the bodies had been stacked, and even hair on the ceiling, were plainly visible then. These grisly reminders have been removed, and flowers in memorial borders have been attractively planted around the long, low building with the tall chimney where so many died. One arrangement of blooms forms the Star of David.

But lest it be imagined that things have been so brightened up that the visitor doesn't get the full picture of bestiality, let it be said that on the walls of the Dachau museum are the most incriminating documents that could be found. Here are official Nazi directives for getting the gold teeth from corpses and collecting the hair of dead women. Here, too, are careful tabulations giving the overall cost of putting prisoners to death, after working them in slave labor jobs for "an average life span of nine months." Adding in the gold teeth, the "valuables," and "money" taken from the deceased, and subtracting the cost of cremation (two marks, or fifty cents), there was an average "total profit after nine months" of 1,631 marks, or slightly over $400.

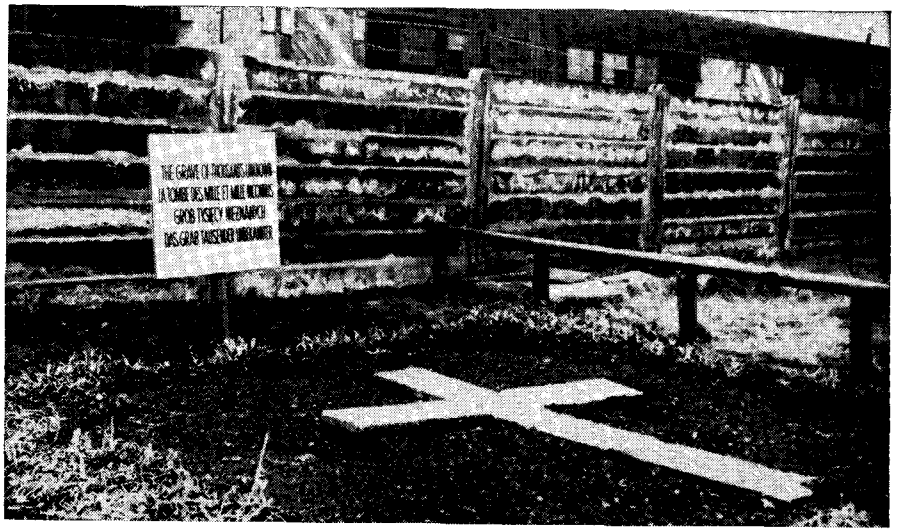
Arguments will never end as to how many Germans knew about the Nazi extermination program. Nearly all were aware that there were concentration camps to which were sent Jews, Socialists, Communists, and others who failed to appreciate the glories of the "New Germany." However, despite obvious hypocrisy on the part of those who must have known but now deny all knowledge, it is entirely possible that the great majority of Germans were altogether unaware that millions of men, women, and children were being systematically murdered in these places.

It has often been remarked that Germans living near the concentration camps must have had a pretty good notion of what was happening inside, especially when they saw smoke issuing from the crematoriums day and night. Yet, insofar as Dachau is concerned, this criticism does not appear to be in order. The pamphlet sold at the camp is thirty-three pages long, and gives the camp's history in some detail. It is written by a former inmate, Nico Rost of Amsterdam, and it specifically exonerates the town of Dachau. Rost declares that the town "bears no responsibility," and he goes on to say:

"During these twelve years a gulf existed between a part of the population and the SS. . . . The young girls of Dachau, for instance, refused to dance with the SS, and there were

—Henley (Monkmeyer).

—Wally Driver (Pix).



—Wide World.

Faces of Modern Germany—Top, industry in the Saar, part of a vigorous postwar economy; center, busy newsstand in the railroad terminal at Frankfurt; bottom, a cross marking mass graves at the Dachau concentration camp.

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regular fights between the young men of Dachau and its neighborhood, particularly during traditional festivals. Brave men and women secretly handed the odd cigarette or piece of bread to the camp inmates when they were led through the town. In many other ways too they have tried to ease the lot of the prisoners, although they themselves risked incarceration in the camp for doing this."

While the Bavarian government's present attitude toward the maintenance of Dachau as a memorial appears to be altogether as it should be, the story was otherwise in 1949. At that time the Bavarian authorities were blamed by the U.S. Military Government for permitting an attempt on the part of a German contractor to dig up an area near Dachau where some 2,000 concentration camp victims had been buried. The contractor, who wanted the soil for its "unusual clay content," claimed that the remains exhumed were those of persons who had lived in a medieval settlement on the site. He did not explain the fillings noted in teeth attached to various jawbones uncovered in the digging. U.S. military authorities put an immediate stop to the operation and ordered the graves filled in. Nothing of the sort has been attempted since.

Some years ago, "The Diary of Anne Frank" was presented in West Germany, and many who saw it underwent a shattering experience. The younger generation of Germans, in particular, was thus brought face to face with the dreadful brutalities of the Nazi era. In theatre after theatre, audiences filed out solemnly when the curtain went down, too shaken to applaud.

More recently, the film "Judgment at Nuremberg" has been widely shown in Germany, and well received. William L. Shirer's "The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich" has been translated into German and is readily available. It, too, has given citizens of the Federal Republic a graphic and documented picture of the era of Hitler, Himmler, Goebbels, and Goering, although a good many Germans appear to feel that the volume is slanted against the German people. The Eichmann trial filled in just about all the unpublicized details of the Nazi era.

About 40,000 Jews are living in West Germany today, and approximately 3,100 in East Germany, as against the 600,000 who were in the country before World War II. They seem to be well treated in West Germany, where officialdom often puts forth a positive effort to make them feel welcome.

This last is borne out by a striking address delivered by Dr. Eugen Gerstenmaier, president of the Bundestag, to the Hebrew University of Jerusalem on November 21. Dr. Gerstenmaier, a member of the German resistance to Hitler, who was freed from Nazi imprisonment by the Americans in April 1945, stated his belief that "the national consciousness of the German people is altogether rid of Nazi racial phobia." He added that "in the sphere of anti-Semitism, the memory of Nazi crimes has led to legal measures and severer penalties." "The former anti-Semitism has been replaced by a seriously striven-after philo-Semitism," Dr. Gerstenmaier declared.

Everyone will concede, no doubt, that deep-seated prejudices cannot be removed by simply passing laws. Furthermore, there may be more latent anti-Semitism beneath the surface of German life than is outwardly apparent. Nevertheless, the whole official West German trend in the racial field is directly opposite to that which prevailed under the Nazis.

Such, unfortunately, is not the case in Communist-ruled East Germany. There the Ulbricht regime has taken its cue from Stalin's violent persecution of the Jews. The Jewish group in East Germany has suffered in many ways, and only half as many are there now as were present in 1945. No restitution or indemnification laws were passed by the East German government for the relief of these survivors from Hitler's massacres. Like members of other faiths, they are also discriminated against because of their religious beliefs.

Norbert Muhlen, author of a recent book, "The Survivors," says the Jews of East Germany have even more reason to flee to the West than the Gentiles. He wrote in a newspaper article not long ago:

"To East German Jews in the early 1960s, the hammer and compass, that new emblem of their Communist country, appeared barely more attractive than the Third Reich's swastika."

IT is worth noting, in this connection. that more than 2,000 former members of the Nazi Party were employed by the East German Government, some in posts of high responsibility, according to findings of the Free Jurists' Investigating Committee of West Berlin. As the committee released one exposé after another, the erstwhile Nazis upon whom the spotlight was focused were quickly transferred or dropped. Meanwhile, Comrade Ulbricht's propaganda apparatus screamed about the employment of ex-Nazis in West Germany!

The situation of the Jews in both East and West Germany is, quite naturally, being closely watched by their co-religionists in Israel and elsewhere. The existence of mixed emotions in Israel became apparent in October, when the Ramat Gan Chamber Orchestra canceled a series of concerts scheduled for West Germany. This despite the fact that the concert tour had been approved by the Israeli government. Avraham Krinitzi, mayor of Ramat Gan, Israel's fourth largest city, threatened to withdraw the orchestra's subsidy if the musicians went to Germany, and other protests were received. So the tour was dropped. Many Israelis visit Germany and do business there, while others refuse to have any dealings with the government or the people.

SOME Israelis, understandably, are unwilling to forgive and forget, but others are putting primary emphasis on the future. While the probable future attitude of Germans with respect to Nazi doctrine, militarism, and so on, cannot be foretold with absolute certainty, there are strong indications.

For example, Bundestag President Gerstenmaier says that German public opinion today "has become allergic to everything even vaguely reminiscent of National Socialism." He is probably right. Such is the attitude of the Adenauer government. Not only so, but if that government were to be superseded by a regime dominated by the Social Democrats, the largest opposition party, there would be no change, except that the hostility to Hitlerian doctrine would probably be even more intense.

However, the best assurance of all that the racism, chauvinism, and orgiastic brutality of the Nazi era will not be repeated in our time is to be found in the attitude of the present younger generation of Germans.

Most of them are aghast at the record of the Third Reich. Large numbers of them cannot understand how their parents could have even tolerated that regime, much less cooperated in its excesses. Hence a cleavage has developed in Germany between the older and younger generations which may be a long time healing.

This means that the great majority of the young men and women who are rising to places of prominence and influence in Germany, and who were unborn, or mere children, in the Nazi era, can be counted on to stand firm. They will not be taken in by any montebank who may arise hereafter, professing to be a reincarnation of Der Fuehrer.

Whatever their faults, these Germans in their twenties and thirties are overwhelmingly against the ideas which underlay Hitler's National Socialism, and which are set forth in "Mein Kampf." Their attitude is the surest guarantee that—for the predictable future, at least, and despite so disturbing an aberration as the *Der Spiegel* affair—Germany will be a staunch and worthy ally of the West.

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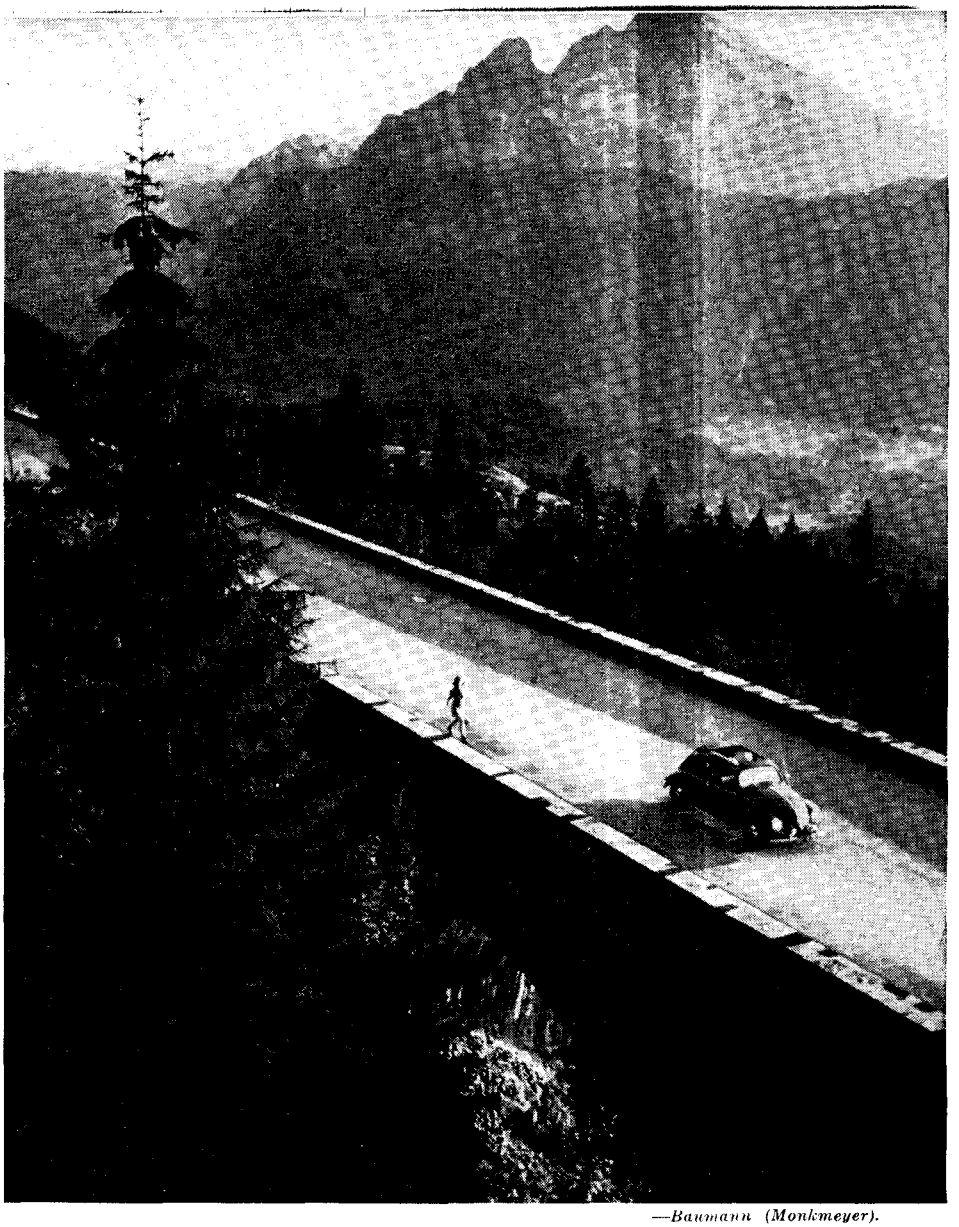
2. Dark Thoughts In the Black Forest



—Baumann (Monkmeyer).

Highway in the Black Forest—"What I sensed disturbed me deeply."

By MARSHALL FISHWICK

NESTLED snugly in the southwest corner of Germany's Black Forest is the hamlet of Staufen. It looks like a page from a picture book. Quaint signs, half-timber houses, and ruddy peasants abound. In the square a famous old inn caters both to the stomach and the imagination of guests. Not only fine food, but the *Fauststübe* are featured. In this very room Mephistopheles supposedly collected Faust's soul when the sin-stained Doctor died. Here the legend that has gripped the imagination of the world found a local habitation and culmination.

As a Fulbright lecturer in Germany, I visited Staufen and other memorable spots. Whenever possible I tried to use native shops and to meet German students and professors. What I sensed, and what others intimated, disturbed me deeply. Said a psychologist in Hamburg: "We have brushed the problem of our guilt underneath the rug, and nothing good can come from that." The problem of evil gnaws at Germany's soul. The spirit of Faust still roams that unhappy land.

Obviously I was always an outsider. Strong opinions expressed by others colored my thinking; one rejects certain stereotypes only to endorse others. Certainly evil is not a *German* problem, but a *human* one. It is, in fact, the massive fact of our times. Theologians like Barth, Inge, and Niebuhr describe a demonized world. So do Camus, Kafka, Faulkner, and Orwell; painters like Grosz, Blume, Matta, and de Kooning. For them evil is active, eternal, contagious, and irresistible.

What might astonish future historians most about the twentieth century is Europe's return to barbarism. No one would have found this more incredible than nineteenth-century Europeans. Wrote Isaac Taylor in "Ultimate Civilization": "We are about to see the relics of barbarism disappear from the advancing world." Instead, his children saw a destructive demonic nationalism grip Europe, setting up an equilibrium of power that a puff of wind could upset. A murder and an ultimatum brought on a world war. "It was something into which we glided, or rather staggered or stumbled," Lloyd George admitted. Soon trenches were filled with mud and blood. Instead of making the world safe for democracy, the Allies made it safe for dictatorships. German coins got a new inscription—"Common need before individual need." As the Wehrmacht rolled, Europe got a new master —Adolf Hitler.

Nazism presented a mirror to the human condition that blinded those who looked into it. The beast was uncaged. A new crime, genocide, came into being. Along with the smell of burnt flesh was a stench of fear coming out of every pore of European life. No need to summarize the horrors of the 1940s. We prefer to think all that is past. Sick Europe is well again. Syllogisms and statistics prove it. Listen as American tourists return from rejuvenated Germany: "Incredible! Why, their new autobahns are almost as

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smooth as our turnpikes—that hotel in Düsseldorf is as good as any in New York. And as for investments . . ."

Leave Dr. Faustus's Staufen and drive north to major U. S. military installations near Wiesbaden. Here appearance and reality are poles apart. "Queen of the Spas," Wiesbaden has regained its prewar popularity. Roulette wheels spin. Elegant parks, museums, cabarets, and companions are available for every taste and temperament.

American facilities are well planned and built. American military personnel take home bundles of goods, European and American, bought at substantial discounts. Many families are better off than they were in the United States. To the casual eye, this is paradise. Look again. Watch as a young officer's wife rushes back to her Golden Ghetto in tears. "Poor girl," another American says. "A few months here and anybody would be crying."

Conflicts between vanquisher and vanquished are inevitable. American policy after V-E day also did great harm. JCS 1067, outlining that policy, came close to rephrasing the frontier dictum about Indians: the only good German is a dead German. While the French billeted their personnel with German families, we surrounded ours with barbed wire. Americans praised the French—and continued to set up Little Americas. Nonfraternization was an unworkable doctrine. "Human affairs do not remain suspended because top brass decrees," wrote historian Harold Zink. "The failure to recognize this cost the United States dearly in Germany."

In the war crimes trials, America did not employ juries. American observers have called the denazification purge an ineradicable blot on America's reputation. Reinhold Niebuhr asked if we were more interested in justice or vengeance. American troops and tourists have not always represented us wisely or well. The responsibility for some of Germany's woes is "ours" as well as "theirs."

Still, all the problems haven't been invented by Nazis or imported by us. They are deep-rooted in German history and character. The key to that long history is *disunity*. The "war of tribes" which the Romans encountered has continued, under different guises, ever since. No permanent compromise between law and looting has been effected. Millions of Europeans and Americans have first seen Germany from the butt end of a bayoneted rifle. Innumerable episodes paved the road to Lidice and Buchenwald. Nordic mythology is bloody and gory; persecution and torture are perennial stories. When Karl Friedrich Wilhelm's mistress wondered how a chimney-sweep would look tumbling off a castle roof, the Margrave obliged by shooting one down. (Later he presented the victim's widow with five florins. Hitler gave no such bounties.)

Discussion of Germans' chronic incapacity for community life is a standard item in travelers' literature. Polite and urbane in private, Germans become different people in public. Russian roulette holds no terrors for one who has tackled German traffic interchanges. The spirit of the Panzers has passed on to the Mercedes. "The German rushes to avail himself of the facility in question as to a barricade," Professor John McCormick reports. "His psychology is that of a tank-driver: better through than around. Elbows are used with talent, briefcases are swung and apologies never uttered. Only in Germany have I seen tennis players cross the court *at the net* while a game was in progress rather than walk around." A century and a half earlier Madame de Staël wrote: "The Germans know not how to deal with men; and the less occasion is given them in this respect to decide for themselves the better they are satisfied."

We assume Clemenceau went too far when he said the Germans were in love with death—until we read about young Nazis who asked God to permit them to die with a French bullet in their hearts. Civilization, said Karl Barth, got too complicated for the German character. They reverted to primeval savagery.

Germany's neighbors, Russian or otherwise, cannot forget this. All groups have their national piques. (The French, say the English, make loyal enemies.) But what people have been so generally feared and disliked as the Germans? North, east, south, west, the bitter comments are the same. "What sort of foreign policy has America formulated?" a young Pole asked me. "You shower aid on your enemies while denying it for your long-time friends.' "Steel steel steel," an Italian said sadly. "What has their steel always meant? Death." "I know a lot about that German steel," said a Dutchman. "I still have a piece of it in my leg."

Steel undergirds the German "economic miracle" (*Wirtschaftwunder*),

(*Continued on page* 46)

Neo-Nazism in Germany—From left Hans-Ulfert Siebrands, who preaches that Germany must remain conscious of "her great historical past"; Hans Henning Fuchs, leading member of the Stahlhelm Party and an ex-Nazi; Renate Malluche, former Hitler Girls' Movement leader and today general secretary of the right-wing "German Community."

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CONFESSIONS OF AN UNPUBLISHED WRITER

By BABETTE BLAUSHILD

WITHOUT being too pompous about it, I think I can say I speak for one of the largest unorganized groups in the world—the unpublished authors. We write as though our lives depended on it—yet we have long since adapted ourselves to the icy truth that we will never get into print. Why do we do it? Because it happens to please us. In my own case I enjoy it.

People who know I write for love and not money probably feel there's something wrong with my moorings. They don't quite comprehend that writing can be an end in itself—and a profoundly rewarding one. In fact, it goes into the making of a good life.

A good life, for me at least, means making all sorts of connections with the world around me. It means a heightened awareness of people and their moods, a sensitivity to all sorts of subtle shadings. It means an existence without murkiness. The discipline of writing conditions the mind for this kind of life. It has enabled me to develop the tri-dimensional or stereoscopic habit. People at a dinner party, who used to fade one into the other with a flat sameness, now take on sharp forms and colors. Women at a committee meeting, or children and their mothers at the school play, now become defined in their own elements of uniqueness. And, as I try to understand them, I find myself liking them better. Take the committee chairman. Why should she be officious and small-minded? After the meeting I talked to her over coffee. Something about her reminded me of my mother's friend when I was small. Doors began to open in my mind; I could go exploring through rooms filled with old memories and feelings. Next: A man seated next to me at dinner. He has always been a bore. But now I look at him through different eyes. He fascinates me; he is literary fodder. True, he is a stereotype: the golf-playing, cigar-smoking, back-slapping businessman who inevitably sits next to you at dinner. But now I talk to him, draw him out, and he lets me have a glimpse now and then of the part of him that is not a cliché. Before I started to write, this kind of evening would numb me; now it excites my imagination.

I remember my first visit to a symphony concert after I took to writing as an important part of my life. I left the hall moved, though not really understanding why. What was I feeling? My ears had become newly alive. Thereafter I was struck with the difference between live and recorded music. It was as if I had been color blind all my life, seeing everything in grays and blacks, and then suddenly found I could see vivid hues. But there was more. I had a feeling of peace, and of wonder, too: If man is capable of creating this beauty and truth, I thought, here is our supreme elevation, and here is our hope.

As I find myself getting closer to human beings through my writing, I find myself becoming more patient and compassionate, never finding "answers," but perhaps stumbling on small truths. Not for me the novelist who ties up and polishes off the human problem he has posed, who says in effect: that's that. I feel that the novel can only be a search for human truths; and that along the way, some self-discovery is inevitable. In this view, it is not important that my writing be successful. I would of course like to be successful, but even if I do not create best-sellers or "successes of esteem," other rewards are open to me.

When I sit down to write, I change places with fate. I am its master at last. For a little while I am no longer one of millions dominated by forces quite outside my control: I become truly omnipotent. What could be sweeter? I create my characters, I make things happen or not happen to them, I make them happy or sad. I look at life from a few steps back, as if viewing a painting. I manipulate, maneuver, and fashion. I know what is going to happen, because I make it happen.

But if writing has its pleasures it also has its pain, as when I see my own handwriting on the self-addressed, manuscript envelope the mailman tosses casually on the doorstep. Inside, the melancholy printed rejection slip is clipped to the top page: "Thank you for submitting your work which has been read with interest, *but* . . .". Sometimes there is a little note of cheer: a "sorry" written across the bottom. Better yet, you may find enclosed a note scribbled on a memo pad by an editor.

Sometimes the manuscript is kept a tantalizingly long time. You then wonder, is this a good omen? Are they passing it up the hierarchy of editors at the magazine, actually liking it? Or is it lying on the desk of an editor who is home sick with the flu? Or is it home with him, not read because his kids are making too much noise? *What is taking so long?* Finally, the mailman brings the story back and there is a crazy kind of relief; you are temporarily liberated from your daily mailbox-vigil. But, full of hope and paper clips, you send another story out, and it starts all over again.

When you get frustrated, you look around and borrow strength from others who have been there, too. Eugene O'Neill, for instance, who said about the writer's task, "I know what you are up against and how you feel. The only thing is, keep up your confidence that sooner or later you'll come through . . . and keep on writing, no matter what. . . ." Then there is always the Old Harry Truman brand of philosophy, "If you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen."

We humans are a mixed lot: scared and lonely and foolish, inhuman and humane, graceful and graceless, full of hope and hopeless. Out of the conflict between reality and our fantasies, art can bring understanding and illuminate truth. To me, this is the supreme function of writing. It is no easy calling, but its rewards go so far beyond the mundane that I expect to practice it for as many years as I have left on earth.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *With this article, Mrs. Blaushild loses her standing in the league of unpublished writers. We wish her well in her new status.*

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Meaning in the Human Arena

RECENTLY, at the University of Southern California in Los Angeles, we met two seniors who were interested in creative writing. One was working on a play; the other was squirreling notes away for a movie script.

The student who was interested in writing for the movies said his great aim in life was to do something like "La Dolce Vita." He felt that Federico Fellini had displayed sheer genius in writing a script that dealt so realistically with the meaninglessness of life. When I asked the student if he had any feeling that the human degradation in the film might have been carried to the point where the story actually lost contact with reality, he looked at me reproachfully.

"The whole beauty of the film lies in the fact that these people are disintegrating precisely because they can find no meaning in life," he said.

It was an interesting point. The same thing has been said about the plays of Tennessee Williams. The unraveling of the human fiber in "La Dolce Vita" and Williams's work is interpreted as a consequence of the fruitless search for meaning. But there is a confusion here between cause and effect. The disintegration is the result of a poverty of values and not of a serious but vain search for meaning in life. A man who lives in a mood of disconnection—who sees no lines to yesterday or tomorrow, who is unable to see himself in others or others in himself, who has never learned to care or serve—such a man is in no position to demand answers to meaning in life. No one can question the striking display of dramatic power in the work of Fellini and Williams, but one can certainly question the thesis that their plays are essentially portrayals of individuals in quest of meaning. Such a quest would be far more convincing if there were any real possibility that the people in these stories would recognize meaning if they actually saw it. But they lack credentials for the search. They have no real insight into life; they are without the awareness of human uniqueness that must precede any valid and significant effort to probe for meaning.

"A man doesn't learn to understand anything unless he loves it," Goethe said. But there is no real love for life in these plays. Before deep questions about the ultimate mysteries can fill a man's mind, he must have respect and even reverence for the prize of life. The characters who stagger and stumble not just through these plays but through too many current novels are in no position to undertake responsible or even interesting speculations on human purpose or the universal design. In the words of William James, they are "half-awake—their fires are damped."

The behavior of these characters is sometimes defended in the name of existentialism. Behind this reasoning is the argument that existentialism is concerned with problems in meaninglessness. But meaninglessness and aimlessness, it should be clear, are not quite the same thing. Existentialism in "La Dolce Vita," for example, ceases to be a responsible philosophical exercise and becomes instead a wasteland of human tissue and emotion. One has the feeling that the people in this film would have difficulty recognizing their own beds, let alone a serious idea about human destiny. What R. L. Stevenson called the "enchanted atmosphere, that rainbow world of fancy" has no part in their lives. They lack the sense of wonder and awe that is the first tentative step toward fruitful contemplation. One wonders, in fact, if they have even passed through childhood. They seem to be total strangers to any of the spontaneous delight or pure laughter that lights up a child's world and provides some initial conditioning at least for the somber arena ahead. There comes to mind a brief episode from "War and Peace." Peter, once one of the wealthiest members of the aristocracy, has been thrown into prison. Having possessed everything and valued nothing, he now discovers that what is most precious in life is life itself. His senses begin to respond to the great simplicities. A panoramic sky becomes a personal triumph. An act of kindness becomes one of the treasures of the cosmos. Personal misery, Tolstoy concludes, is the result not of man's needs but of his abundance.

FAR from being super-realistic, "La Dolce Vita" actually cheats reality. It caricatures life; it loses contact with the capacity of men to preserve and indeed enlarge their dignity under stress or attack. What was it Keats said about man's ability to locate the citadel inside him? Wasn't there something in the human innards, as Keats saw it, that provided space for essential wandering and for a taste for far-off destinations?

Cynicism and ennui are the easiest literary materials to deal with. It is far more difficult to deal with the epic potential in the human mixture, far more difficult to deal with the interior struggle between good and evil, exhilaration and terror, awareness and defeatism. "La Dolce Vita" and stories like it are not the whole of life. The human arena may be drab. Right now, it couldn't be more dangerous. But, from all the indications, it is still the highest prize in the universe. The main question before humanity is not the meaninglessness of life but rather how to mobilize human intelligence and feeling in the making of a better and safer world. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE COUNCIL CASE

JOHN CIARDI'S COMMENTS on the James Council versus the New York City Board of Education case [*SR*, Feb. 2] illuminate the tragedy of our age.

I remember my high school years of the early Fifties. Every Saturday at noon a Civil Defense alert was sounded. Every day in school I waited for the gong which sent me and my friends into a dark stairway. Crouched on a step in a hushed silence made a gruesome impression on me. So much so, in fact, that when one spring night a transformer near my home blew up, lighting the sky with a brilliance comparable to that of the Hiroshima bomb, I lay in bed, frozen, waiting for the heat which would burn the pattern of my pajamas into my flesh. And this was just one of the grotesque visions born of these maneuvers.

Today I am a teacher. When the Civil Defense alarm sounds, I freeze. That night returns to me and, crouched again in a smelly stairway with thirty-five students, I wonder how many of them are experiencing that same needless fear.

Mr. Council may not be right in opposing school regulations overtly; however, I join with him and Mr. Ciardi in this objection.

ELAINE M. WIKSTROM.

Rochester, N.Y.

JOHN CIARDI does not seem to understand the purpose of the shelter drills which are widely used in schools in cooperation with Civil Defense.

No "hate of enemy" or "war mentality" is involved at all. A shelter drill, like a fire drill, is a means of training the children in an orderly procedure that might, in case of natural disaster, physical damage to the building, or war, save them from injury or death.

Where schools are large and in congested or industrial areas, the people responsible for children must plan in any way they can for their safety.

NINA PALMER.
(Public school teacher)

Lansing, Mich.

THE ORPHANS OF SANCHEZ

WILL ROGERS SAID: "I have never seen a mayor that wasn't funny."

Hizzoner Frank X. Graves, mayor of Paterson, New Jersey, has summarily ordered from the shelves of the local library a book entitled "The Children of Sanchez," an autobiography of a Mexican family, as "unfit to be read." He acted after receiving an anonymous letter. The book has been described in *SR* as one of the most moving personal documents of our times, as well as brilliant and of singular significance. The author, Dr. Oscar Lewis, is a member of the faculty of the University of Illinois and a Guggenheim fellow. "Sociological study or not," says Hizzoner, who is a member of the Library Board (and presumably city censor without portfolio), "the book stays off the shelves so long as I am mayor."

The only thing we in Paterson can hope for is that our mayor doesn't take out a library card and rummage through the shelves. We in this town might be left with only Westerns and fairy tales.

J. L. BERNSTEIN.

Paterson, N.J.

"I don't think you're browsing at all. I think you're one of those rapid readers."

THE MAN WHO KNEW LINCOLN

I WISH TO TAKE exception to Earl Schenck Miers's review of "Soldiers' Battle: Gettysburg," by James Warner Bellah [*SR*, Dec. 29].

In the first place, he refers to my father, General James F. Rusling, " . . . who, as a Union General, wasn't much of a hero [and] tells a story about Lincoln and Gettysburg that may just possibly be true." Why should your reviewer term my Union General father not much of a hero, when his job was in the Quartermaster's Department? In that day and war, this job included providing and bringing up to the front lines all manner of provisions, including ammunition. Does this reviewer refer to World War I and II military personnel who held jobs that didn't permit them to shine on the battlefields as not being "much of a hero"?

In the second place, he questions my father's veracity in reporting the story of Lincoln's resorting to prayer before the Battle of Gettysburg. Please advise Miers that I grew up on this story, having heard my father tell it on many occasions. He later included this story in his book," "Men and Things I Saw in Civil War Days," published in 1899. As my father was a deeply religious man, truthful and not given to fabrication of stories about the Civil War or anything else, reviewer Miers can rest assured that the veracity of this story goes considerably further than his "that [it] may just possibly be true."

MRS. ARTHUR L. BATES.

La Jolla, Calif.

THE REVIEWER REPLIES

MRS. BATES'S letter reflects an admirable loyalty to the memory of her father. The simple fact of the case is this: Some forty-five years after the event, General Rusling recalled a conversation with Lincoln that he quoted in long paragraphs. Unhappily, to any student of Lincoln, the language sounded more like General Rusling than the President whom he referred to as "Honest Old Abe." Under the circumstances, a student might also wonder if some of the thoughts, as well as the language, might not belong to General Rusling. If true, the General's memoirs as a primary document cannot be accepted with a daughter's blind faith.

There was no intention in the review to reflect upon General Rusling as "a deeply religious man." Still, I will make a sporting proposition: if she will wait until we both reach Heaven, then we will discuss the matter with General Rusling and Mr. Lincoln and find out who was right.

EARL SCHENCK MIERS.

Edison, N.J.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Casual Casualty

SINCE the future of the American theatre seems up to four developing young talents (Edward Albee, Jack Gelber, Arthur Kopit, and Jack Richardson), the quick failure of Mr. Richardson's "**Lorenzo**" comes as a disturbing deflection in the upward curve so brilliantly begun this season by Mr. Albee's "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?"

"Lorenzo" tells the story of a troupe of Italian actors who find themselves accidentally in contact with a small Renaissance war. The reality of this war suddenly challenges two of the troupe's younger members, who have always thought of war in the artificial heroic terms of theatrical tragedy, and their decision to taste this reality tests the entire philosophy on which the world of art is based.

In outline and intent this is a most interesting play, and Mr. Richardson possesses the poetic imagination and the intellectual insight to make of it a masterpiece. Unfortunately, he has not done so, and seems, as he did in his two previous plays, a writer in search of a style he has not yet found.

The trouble with "Lorenzo" lies partly in the writing, which is so overcivilized and discursive that all sense of urgency is lost, and partly in the production, which presents as elaborate spectacle what should be bare and economical. The first third of the proceedings mounted against David Hay's impressive but complicated settings are pure airy talk and casual jokes about a war which is the result of "a fleeting bathroom thought" by the Duke of Milan, and about the self-centered vanity of actors. The play doesn't really shift into gear until its midway point, when the troupe is abruptly brought face to face with the death of one of its members at the hands of a cynical general. Then we see its Pirandelloish essence, as the actors are unable to respond with anything but the stock emotions of the theatre. But for all its unreality, Mr. Richardson seems to imply in the remainder of his play that the patently artificial theatre world is preferable to the monstrous inhumanity of the real war-making world. And this argument is championed by Lorenzo, an old actor who learned in his youth that world problems were not solved by war and that there was more significance in fulfilling the artist's obligation to society, which is to pay high tribute to man's suffering, but not, unless he's presumptuous, to change it. Lorenzo's opponent is General Van Miessen, who finds in war the only honest sounds that are to be heard.

The production made the logical mistake of casting the flamboyant Alfred Drake as Lorenzo, and although Mr. Drake intelligently tried to show us the human being behind the histrionic façade, his elegant dexterity was so much more effective than his introspective sensibility that we noticed his folly rather than his wisdom. Similarly, Fritz Weaver appeared far too insouciant as the battle-scarred Van Miessen.

Perhaps it was Mr. Richardson's intent to write a casual comedy about war, death, and the triumph of art over life, but his compulsion to sophistication only succeeded in making a profound play seem insignificant.

Frank Tarloff's new comedy, "**The Heroine**," has the virtue of being frequently amusing, and of dealing with a modern situation we recognize as being not too far from the truth.

A middle-aged husband has reached a point of extreme joylessness in his life and marriage, and in "The Heroine" its author has his desperate and loving wife do what few wives would in an effort to resolve the problem. With great reluctance she engages a call girl to pretend to be enamored of him, have a love affair with him, and thus bolster his ego. However, the girl bolsters his ego so much that instead of returning to his wife permanently revitalized, he sees that extramarital love affairs are permanently essential to his well-being. His wife is now faced with the choice of telling him the truth and reducing him to his former emasculated status, or accepting half a joyous husband as better than a whole depressed one.

Along the way Mr. Tarloff has written some very funny lines about the sins of wifedom, and about that other therapeutic profession, psychoanalysis. And he combines the two beautifully when in reply to the amazed wife's "What, you go to a psychoanalyst?" the call girl replies, "No. He comes to me."

Mr. Tarloff's dialogue exceeds his ability to manipulate situations, so that the comedy offers few surprises and ends weakly. And except for Kay Medford, who plays the title role with her own surely effective brand of comic pessimism, the performances seem ordinary at best. Yet "The Heroine" has more to it than at least four light comedies now running on Broadway—and is just as entertaining.

—HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Trial in Error

FOR years now, I have been waiting for Orson Welles to come back, to reach the level he attained with "Citizen Kane" and "The Magnificent Ambersons." So it is with a certain sorrow that I must record my disappointment with his film version of **"The Trial,"** which, while demonstrating once again his visual flair, is a humorless, overworked, and all but lifeless transcript of the novel. If this were a movie scheduled for examination in a class for cinema technicians I am sure that many scenes, taken in isolation, would seem models of brilliant camera composition. Welles has spared himself no pains. Unfortunately, movie audiences don't come out, usually, to rave about lighting effects, sound-track technique, and montage. They will come out, perhaps, to see what Welles has done with Kafka. He had every opportunity to do the thing right, to cast the film, dictate its style, oversee its every aspect. But in testing himself against one of the great imaginative works of our century he has turned out a loser. Somehow, Welles has either forgotten or lost the ability to communicate with and directly affect an audience.

Somewhere along the line he seems to have missed the fact that Kafka's hero, Joseph K., was quite human and understandable, that he was caught up in the incomprehensible heirarchy of a symbolic society. There was humor in his groping, poignance in his dogged quest for answers. But K., as Welles sees him, and as Anthony Perkins plays him, is a cipher, an unidentified and unidentifiable figure wandering through candle-lit rooms, grimy corridors, surrealistic offices and court chambers. Joseph K., in the book, was puzzled by the manner in which his everyday surroundings would change and merge with unfamiliar ones. He would open a door he had not taken much notice of before, and there would be something strange going on inside. But Anthony P. finds himself part of a continuing phantasmagoria, and there is not the slightest chance for us to identify with him.

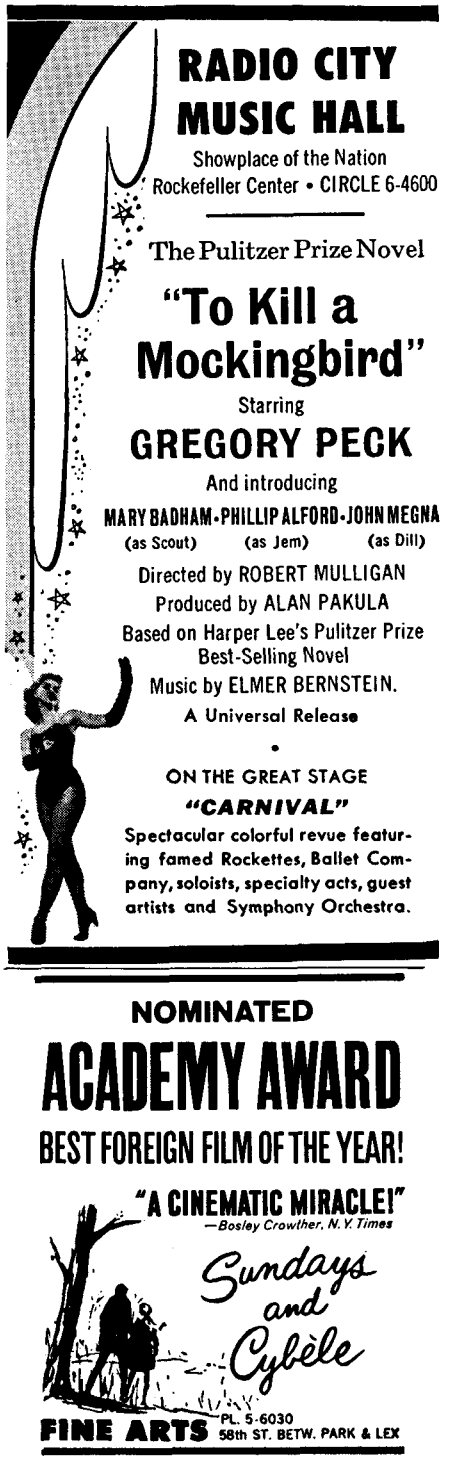
This is not, by the way, a heavy-handed, MGM-type adaptation of a famous novel. On the whole, Welles has followed the narrative line of "The Trial" rather faithfully. K. wakes to find a stranger in his room, learns that he is on trial, that he may pursue his life as before, and, eventually, that his case will take endless time to reach its conclusion. He accuses his interrogators, is brought by his uncle to an advocate (played by Welles himself), meets others who seem to be similarly on trial, and never learns the exact nature of the charges against him.

What Welles has done is to subtly change and distort Kafka's grotesque world. There are seemingly inconsequential but actually destructive updatings. The ending is perhaps the most glaring example of this. Kafka had K. die by the hands of two strangers, one of whom plunged a knife into his heart and twisted it twice. Welles has the two strangers toss an explosive charge into the pit to which K. has been taken, and the resultant explosion takes a shape not unlike that of an atomic cloud. Welles explores a totalitarian, menacingly mechanistic society, and reads latter-day implications into what were undoubtedly religious and philosophical searchings on Kafka's part. The implications that Welles sees are too easy, and really very shallow.

Meanwhile, over the film hovers the director. The actors are given no real chance to act, the camera turns constantly, as though restless, and the lighting creates only a continual gloomy oppressiveness. Jeanne Moreau, Akim Tamiroff, Fernand Ledoux, and Romy Schneider are lost in a long series of trick effects. It is as though the gas were slowly seeping out of an imposing balloon, and at the end there is not even a pop—only a tiny, weary gasp. We have all heard (and will continue to hear, very likely) about the erratic genius of Orson Welles. There is no doubt that he is erratic. But the bombastic publicity of the film world is doing no real service to Mr. Welles. If only he'd get out of the way of the camera. If only he'd forget his name is Orson Welles.

Five young directors from five different countries are represented in **"Love at Twenty,"** an experiment in international film cooperation. The contributions are uneven in quality although curiously alike in style. There is much reliance on abrupt cutting, and on iris effects of the kind pioneered by D. W. Griffiths. François Truffaut's contribution is much the best; it tells a simple, affecting story about a teenager who falls in love with a girl. She regards him as just a friend; he suffers silently; and about all there is to it is that every bit of the film rings true. Andrzej Wajda of Poland makes a disillusioned comment on the new generation of young sophisticates in Warsaw, Renoz Rossellini (son of Roberto) tries an empty exercise in La Dolce Vitaism, Shintaro Ishihara examines a young Japanese sexual psychopath not very convincingly, and Marcel Ophels (son of Max) shows some talent in his story of two young Germans who fall in love and decide to marry after they have had their baby. The five segments are more or less glued together by the still photographs of Henri Cartier-Bresson, which, blown up for the large screen, seem more remarkable than ever.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.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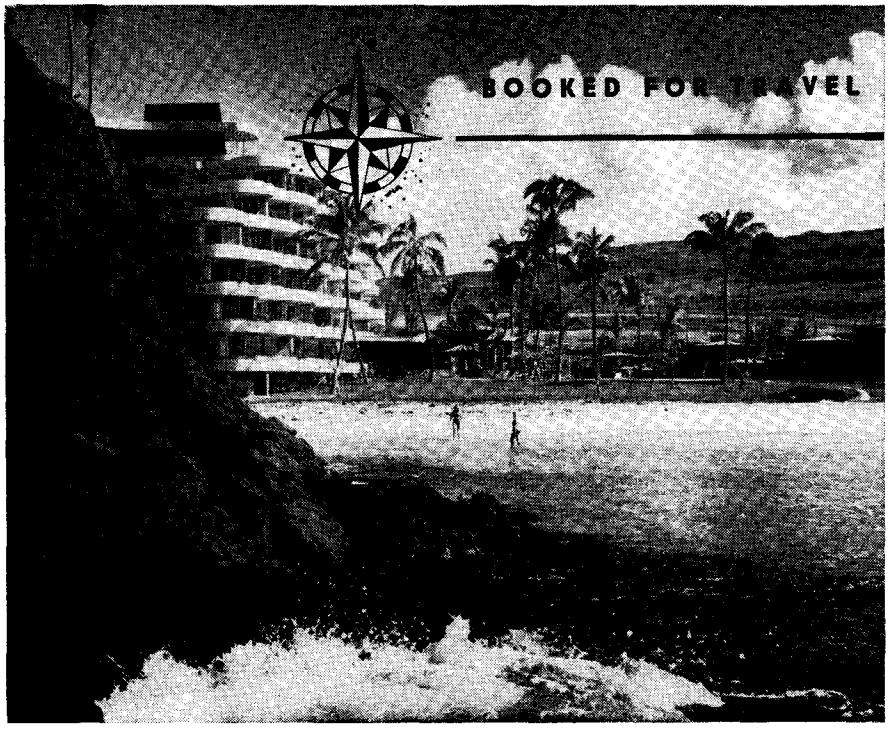

Kaanapali and Sheraton's rockside inn.

A Fine Day at Black Rock

ONLY a short time ago—well, it seemed that way until I looked at the date—we climaxed some lazy summer days in Hawaii with an excursion to Maui, a figure-eight island south and east of Honolulu that was once the capital of the whole Hawaiian kingdom. I wrote at the time (*SR*, Oct. 10, 1959) of the old city of Lahaina, known well to the whalers and to the missionaries, both from New England, whose differences in the matters of sin and sanctity were later vividly described in James Michener's "Hawaii." We stayed in the Pioneer Inn, a crumbly old hotel with enormous possibilities, at the harbor's very edge; and took our meals, there being no kitchen at the Pioneer, at the Banyan Inn, a tropical *brasserie* equipped with formica tables and chrome tube chairs that had adopted the best decorative style of a backwater Mississippi hash house. I recall thinking at the time that it had enormous possibilities, too.

There wasn't much in town except for a shop of the black coral divers who operated off Maui, and an old gent who would spend his afternoons in the rear of a Tong house smoking a bamboo pipe which he filtered through water in the bottom of an old gasoline can.

One night, there being a birthday in our party, we organized a modest jamboree on the sands at Kaanapali, a stupendous beach curving out in two crescents with nothing at all upon it except for a giant outcropping of lava rock, a trio of Hawaiian serenaders imported for the evening's festivities, a roaring fire for the steaks, and us. When I went back the next day to see it in the sunlight, I recall thinking that it had possibilities, too, perhaps more possibilities even than Waikiki. For one thing, it was four times as wide and three miles long. Across the sea, the island of Lanai, a garden of pineapples, with Norfolk pines growing on its cool highlands, was an ever-present Bali H'ai—heavens, what did we call such places before Hammerstein?—beckoning, stirring thoughts, fomenting dreams to be dreamed as the sun goes down.

The property was part of the holdings of American Factors, Ltd., a combine nominally interested in growing sugar cane. When I talked with their representatives of the glorious possibilities of a new Waikiki, they seemed convinced that they held something roughly akin to a bonanza, but they appeared about as eager to develop it as a plantation foreman might be when you tell him his land might make a dandy resort.

When I flew back to Maui a few weeks ago that sketchy dream was already in flower. Alongside the outcropping of black rock there on Kaanapali, rose six stories of cement ruffles, the sweeping terraces of the new Sheraton-Maui, a hotel of 212 rooms and many a rakish innovation. The lobby, the dining room, the rounded terrace and bar had all been planted atop the rock. A road had been built to the summit, and from the top-floor public rooms the guests descend to their rooms. Each terrace was rimmed with a tropical garden and, looking over the ti leaves and the ginger, one could see Lanai rising out of the waters of the Auau channel. Inland, or *mauka,* as any veteran of fifteen minutes in The Islands is taught to say, the Honolua Mountains spill down to the trim fairways of a handsome green golf course built by the omnipresent Robert Trent Jones. The fairways give way to the flats, and at the approaches to the beach the architect, George Wimberly of Honolulu, has placed thirteen Polynesian cottages, all of them air conditioned.

It is refreshing to see that Mr. Kimberly, a practiced designer in the Pacific, who began with Honolulu's much-copied Canlis Broiler, has not fallen prey to the American shaft, that block of cells with terraces that first showed up in the Caribe Hilton more than a decade ago. A cliché, it has become a status symbol among the undernourished countries of the world that must have a high-rise hotel as soon as they win their freedom and choose a ruler.

On the opposite side of the lava rock Wimberly is adding another block of sixty rooms that will look to Molokai as well as Lanai. While the design of the buildings was left to Wimberly, who has drawn plans for other hotels in Bali, Fiji, Samoa, and Tahiti, the decorations were executed by Sheraton's home office in Boston. They are agreeable, but they are done, as one stylish local resident put it, in public taste. I would agree with that, but the location and the design of the structures is sufficiently unusual to carry the day.

Wimberly's circular lobby, with the reception desk, small shops, and a transportation counter running around the rim, is open and airy to all points of the compass. Its centerpiece, a massive fountain sculpture by Edward Brownlee, is also open to the sky. Up from the rushing water thrusts Brownlee's cast stone canoe, the primary fixture in the legend of Rata, whose descendants were supposed to include King Pomare of Tahiti, King Kalakaua of Hawaii, and also Queen Liliuokalani, last monarch of the islands when the U. S. annexed them in 1898. Rata, who had built a great canoe in a sacred valley, had enlisted the aid of the *menehunes,* Hawaii's famed gnomes. They delivered the finished product at night on a rainbow. Forgetting to hold a feast for the *menehunes,* Rata launched the canoe, which sank into the sea. He realized his mistake and arranged a tardy banquet. Their stomachs and their feelings satisfied, the *menehunes* relented and the canoe rose from the water.

Although Sheraton did arrange some

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traditional exorcising when in the course of building on Black Rock some elderly skeletons were discovered, the *menehunes* sent a big rain cloud for opening day. The waters came slanting in through the hole in Wimberly's lobby, casting a faint spray over the new furniture and indeed on some of the inaugural party. When it continued through the second day, make-do storm shutters were feverishly lashed into place. At last, by means not revealed, Wimberly made his peace with the *menehunes* and on the final day of the opening house party the sun, normally a permanent resident on this side of Maui, shone brilliantly on Black Rock.

From the circular lobby it is two steps down to the Discovery Room, a dining salon graced with the real Pacific on one side and a mural of whaling ships in Lahaina harbor on the other. Another two steps downward lead to the Barkentine Bar, a saloon fitted out with the bowsprit of an old whaling ship. A terrace with sweeping views of the beach, the sea, and the island of Lanai runs alongside the bar. The glass dividers between them swing open and there will be days when, with the aid of a brace of *mai tais*, a deep-dish Hawaiian rum soup decorated with pineapple sticks and orchids, it appears that the bowsprit is indeed lurching out to sea.

The golf course, the first of two, was built by the Lahaina Investment Corporation, a combine led by the famed golf pro, Jimmy Hines, and the links designer, Robert Trent Jones. The same company had, before Sheraton, opened the Royal Lahaina, an inn of some elegance that has 120 rooms on hand at the moment and will add another sixty or so by June. The Royal Lahaina is built low to the ground, and the central building with its steeply pitched roof evokes reminiscences of a Samoan long house. Some of the interior decor, tasteful as it is, evokes reminiscences of the Canlis Broiler, particularly the hooded broiler itself with the chef facing the diners, and the gas jets flaming in the pool at the entrance. Orchids bloom behind the bar, there is a large piano bar with soft edges for leaners, and samurais and kabuki actors gaze on the customers from the walls. The waitresses wear obis in the manner of Canlis's and the Royal Hawaiian, but it is a pleasant touch all the same. The rooms, many of which open directly on the beach, have such embellishments as Easter Island lamps and tapa cloth headboards, and what with the surf rumbling right outside the louvered door, I guess one could say they are done in Pacific public taste. Some of the suites have efficiency units, a rather academic approach at the moment since the markets are a considerable distance away, but a shopping area is coming. The master plan includes a colony of homes to be maintained and rented by the Royal Lahaina Beach Club.

Rates at the Royal Lahaina for double rooms run from $17.50 to $27.50, and two-room suites with kitchenettes are a flat $50 a day. Sheraton's European-rate rooms start at $12.50 single and $16.50 double, and you can add $10 per person per day if you do all your eating on the premises.

IN the interest of the golf people I had better tell you that the Royal Lahaina extracts $10 a day for green fees and $8 for a cart, and you have to take a cart. After the match I presume you can catch up on your exercise by taking a nice long walk. Anyway, the course covers 300 acres, no matter how you look at it, of gorgeous views. Three holes have been woven around a 2,000-foot lagoon that will do nothing for your blood pressure but is expected to zoom the sale of golf balls. The back nine has been laid out along the beginning slopes of the West Maui Mountains, offering what its builders call a change of pace. Some of my golfing informants, and there were a number of experts out on opening day, among them Dr. Cary Middlecoff, Sam Snead, Bing Crosby, and Phil Harris, have rendered the opinion that that back nine is a different game of golf from the front nine, and that the whole course is overlong anyway. I have no way, nor any intention, of evaluating these remarks, and I pass them along to you unfiltered.

A plane strip has already been installed on the edge of the golf course, and flying directly here from Honolulu an eager golfer could be off the first tee in little more than half an hour after leaving the capital. By the normal commercial processes, guests will fly to Kahului Airport in about half an hour, then drive around the shore road past Lahaina to Kaanapali. That ride takes about forty-five minutes, although I am at a loss to tell you how much it costs. With the opening-day crowd one enterprising limousine driver extracted five dollars from each of seven passengers, made thirty-five dollars on the drive, and went streaking back for another load. I presume somebody by now has done something about that.

Remembering those pleasurable days at the Pioneer in old Lahaina, I was eager to see it again. The rickety hotel, which is owned by Donn the Beachcomber, suffers from no improvement, except nowadays there is lunch service, including, here in rural Hawaii, pastrami sandwiches. Among the Pioneer's other claims to notoriety is that it figured prominently in the Spencer Tracy

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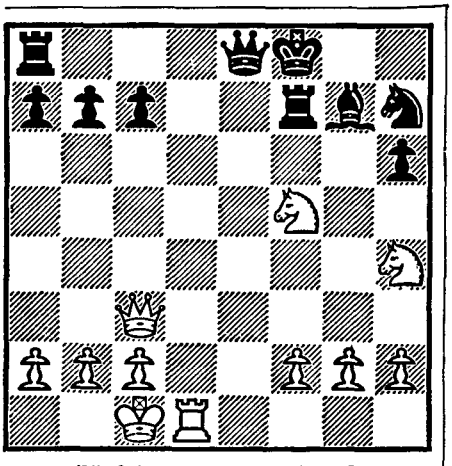

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film "The Devil at Four O'Clock," and further that it serves some three dozen brands of beer collected from all corners. With all this going on at Maui, Donn, alas, is in Hong Kong supervising the launching of a restaurant ship. I had a wistful feeling that he might have fared better by revamping the Pioneer into a polished gingerbread delight. The crowd is not in the Pioneer quaffing thirty-seven different kinds of beer; it is in a new place called the Whale's Tail, a raffish saloon which, besides its euphonic name, has precious little to recommend it. Behind it, an old spring house that dates from 1832 has been transformed into a candlelit restaurant serving mahi-mahi and steaks. The Coconut Grove, a neat little place across from the pineapple factory, makes a specialty of Filipino dishes, and the Seaside, not exactly a fancy den even though it overlooks the water, does as much for the kitchen of Japan.

A number of shops have sprung up in Lahaina, and I wouldn't be surprised to see the whole place become a sort of artsy Carmel in mid-ocean. The Lahaina Art Gallery has paintings, and also strings of kappa shells that chime in the wind, Tahitian shell hatbands, and sculptures. The Curio Shop specializes in whales' teeth. A whale's tooth, it notes, is just what Jackie gave Jack last Christmas. It also sports a full selection of shells and jewelry called Pele's Tears made from quickly cooled lava. Pele is the goddess of volcanoes (*SR*, Dec. 9, 1961). Pendants and earrings are also made from green olivine, a chartreuse mineral called Pele's Jewel. Quite the handsomest emporium is Lahaina Casuals, which sells all manner of muumuus and, in another corner, tables of gleaming wood and Hawaiian carvings. Its floor is inlaid monkey pod buffed to a ballroom finish, and it's worth buying a muumuu to have a look at it.

The Maui divers are still in residence, I'm glad to say, and the things they are producing are infinitely more artful than the early works I saw on my first visit. The coral, which was discovered in 1958, is in fact the skeletons of tiny marine animals formed in branches. The beds are 200 to 300 feet below the sea, a depth which limits the divers to work periods of six minutes each. Even in such brief spells they are prey to deep ocean currents, sharks, and the bends. I bought a set of studs as black as squid ink, each a tiny snip of a branch of what was once a living thing. Considering that and the trouble the divers had to go through to bring it to the surface and eventually to the polisher's wheel, I must say I feel it a bit frivolous of me to be sporting some thing's buffed bones on a boiled shirt in the course of some formal night on the town. —HORACE SUTTON.

How to Unsettle a Dispute

By W. WILLARD WIRTZ, *U.S. Secretary of Labor. His observations on the argot of arbitration are adapted from a recent talk before the National Academy of Arbitrators.*

IN THE course of attending arbitration hearings over the years, I have been exposed to some rather ingenious uses of the English language. In fact, I find that the practice is contagious. In reporting my findings, therefore, I stress that I have exercised editorial licentiousness only to the extent of assembling these germs of wisdom—all of which can be authoritively authenticipated in terms of time, place, and propounder—in the form of an apocraphytic report of a recent meeting of a tri-party group of consultatants in Washington.

The agendum item was "Natural Emergency Disputes," or "Around an Injunction in Eighty Days."

One of the public members opened the discussion. "I know," he said, "that this is an acamadician's point of view. But I've had it in the back of my craw a long time. When an unmovable force meets an irreducible minimum the only answer is fault-finding under a statue or compulsive arbitration."

Everybody immediately picked up his ears.

There was some agreement. "A very infirmitive idea," one of his colleagues vouchsaid. And another: "You hit the nose right on the head."

But the general reaction was strongly negative: "What are you trying to do, make us all sacrificial goats? I am unutterly opposed to it."

"You're talking through the skin of your teeth. Why, that kind of idea would percolate like wildfire."

"You sure laid a lemon that time."

The Chairman tried to calm things down. "Wait a minute. There's no reason for getting into a high state of dungeon. There's a lot of semitics mixed up in this. Let's wipe the coast clear and start again. This thing has got to stand on its own bottom."

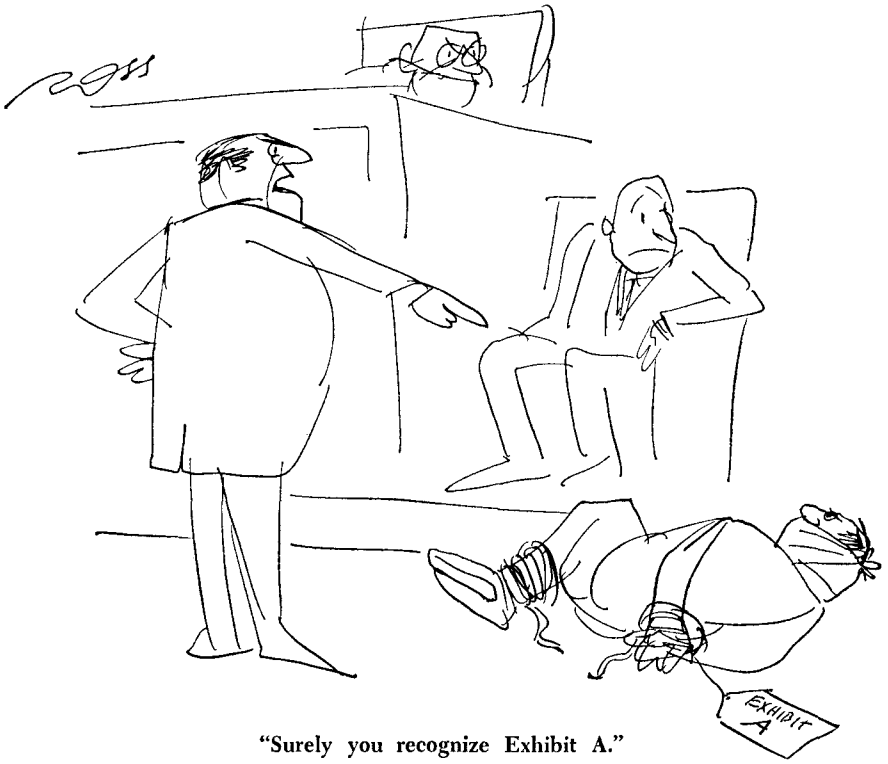
"Oh no!" someone else insisted. "None of this balking and filling. Let's put our shoulder to the bit. We've got to get our teeth into the guts of this."

Finally the original proponent got another turn. "All right. All right," he said, "you've really put me through the griddle. But don't you realize that a lot of water has gone over the bridge? This problem has a lot of faucets to it."

After another long go-around, the meeting finally broke up. There was one charitable word for the disconsultant heretic as he left the room. "You're all right, fellow. Keep a stiff upper chin."

And one note of sympathetic counsel: "You've got to stop being so forthrighteous about this. You're getting yourself right across a box."

But the ultimate comment was in a whispered conversation off in a corner of the room. "That man," one of the tri-party advisors said to another, "is way out on the end of a limbo."



"Surely you recognize Exhibit A."

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Sutherland on the Heights in "Sonnambula"—Prey

EVERYONE versed in opera knows Amina in "La Sonnambula" as a difficult role; those versed as well in Bellini's opera know that it contains some of the most beautiful music ever written. It is the charm of Joan Sutherland's excelling performance in the revival just introduced at the Metropolitan that she makes us aware of the beauty without laboring the difficulty. There is little of an enduring nature in the "dramatic" dilemma of a sleepwalking maiden who has to do it twice to prove that the first walk into a man's room was all innocence. But there is perennial drama in the contest between the role and its performer, from which Miss Sutherland emerged not merely guiltless but triumphant.

Perhaps each time Miss Sutherland sets foot on the bridge to make the "perilous" crossing in the last act, she should think a fervent (nondenominational) "Ave, Maria": without the example of Callas it is doubtful she would be singing such music at all. For certain she is singing it—embellishments, ornaments, trills, staccati, and all—in a way not matched by anyone of whom there is living memory. No soprano in decades has combined the solidity and weight of her middle and low register with the extraordinary range and brilliance of her top.

When "Sonnambula" was last being given here, it was in a lightly embroidered version stitched by Lily Pons in her best petit point. By comparison, this is a Gobelin tapestry on the subject of Bellini that Miss Sutherland is offering, a tribute first to her artistry as a musician and second to a singer of bewitching facility. The order of importance is decreed by the taste and good sense with which the printed text is embellished by the optional ornaments traditional in the realization of such music. These are a collation, from traditional and other sources, by her husband-coach Richard Bonynge. This recovery of a lost art is not the least of the singular services Miss Sutherland presents in her Amina.

Among the others, the demonstration that glossy ease and vocal virtuosity are not incompatible with the strength to run this exacting course ranks high. The unrelenting Bellini expected his heroine to be equal to her best from beginning to end, and saved his most arduous test —hedge and water jump—for the end. It was here, precisely, that Miss Sutherland left comparison behind in a dolorously expressive "Ah! non credea" as preface to the exuberant "Ah! non giunge" that fairly danced in the ear.

Miss Sutherland's big frame and broad features are not the materials of pictorial illusion in this part, but she has worked hard to suggest lightness in action as she has made it her serious concern to suggest "peril" in her walk across the bridge. In the end, however, it is the art of song in all its possible variations that cast a hush over the audience that exploded into roars of applause when the moment of fulfilment was achieved.

It is through such attention as Miss Sutherland invites that the nature of Bellini's achievement in "La Sonnambula" becomes clear. At twenty-nine, in 1831, he was close enough to Gluck to provide an admirable echo for a choice chorus in "Orfeo" ("Torna, o bella") with his own praise of the Swiss landscape at the beginning of the last act; and still responsive to the innovations of Rossini, as in the superb ensemble finale to Act I (the inn scene which the Metropolitan is calling Act II). "Sonnambula" is distinguished not only for the company it has kept but also for the traces it bears of those who paid it the compliment of imitation. The list might begin with Chopin, a devout admirer of Bellini, whose dreamy waltz style is suggested by Amina's "Ah! vorrai" in Act I, continue with Donizetti, who learned Lucia's lyric dementia from Amina's trancelike wanderings, and include Verdi, whose "Addios" of Violetta and Alfredo are predicted decades before by Amina and Elvino, likewise the mood of Germont's "Di provenza" by the rolling line of Bellini's Rodolfo in "Vi ravviso."

This digression from the interpreter to what she interpreted may serve as a decompression chamber to return us from Miss Sutherland's level to those of her associates. These ranged from the distinguished effort of the always able Giorgio Tozzi as Rodolfo through the brave if sometimes labored one of Nicolai Gedda as Elvino. Whereas the former was settled comfortably into a range in which he could exploit his best skills, the latter was working act after act at a cruelly high part which only artistry and self-sacrifice brought at all within his compass. And then it was only by extorting power from his sound at the price of quality. Jeanette Scovotti was a capable Lisa, Lilli Chookassian a suitably maternal Teresa.

Prior reference to the Swiss landscape should be expanded to read that there is much more in praise of it in Bellini's score than in Rolf Gerard's scenic designs. The latter are among the most budget-conscious the Met has given us in some time, with prettified costumes more suitable for a revived "Song of Norway" than a masterpiece by Bellini. Its lack of distinction is paralleled by the fussy posturings of Henry Butler's stage direction (simplicity would have been much preferable). I can understand the need to provide some enlivening ballet action during the choruses, but why such courtly, nonpastoral conceptious as Mattlyn Gavers's? All this, and Silvio Varviso, too, cannot dim the luster shed by Sutherland or lessen the conviction that what she is doing will be remembered in history.

Something should be said, if only in brief, about the quality of the broadcast "Tristan" in which Georg Solti's musical direction was more subtle and absorbing than the occasion of prior report, especially in Act III and the feared, averted, inevitable "Adriana Lecouvreur" from which Renata Tebaldi begged to be excused. The immediate need was met by Licia Albanese, whose

Vale Virgil, Ave Verdi

By Chad Walsh

THE weary dative and the ablative
Joined the accusative, its *m* elided;
The genitive gave up the fight to live;
And prepositions grew where Caesar prided
Himself upon the elegance of cases.
The neuter gender opted masculine,
Leaving *mura* and other scattered traces,
And *esse* and *habere* settled in
Where once the passive and the perfect flourished.
Ille conceived the article and nourished
A brook of pronouns clutching at the verb.
The *testa,* tortoise shell, became a head;
Caballus, nag, rose to the rank of steed.
Librettists crowded Virgil off the curb.

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will to perform is unconquerable, but the announcement by Rudolf Bing that Miss Tebaldi, on doctor's orders, had canceled "the rest of the season" is too costly a contretemps for offhand comment.

What would have been called a "Schubertiad" in the Vienna of the 1820s made the Playhouse of Hunter College the place to be when Alfred Brendel made his American debut as soloist in the A minor (Opus 42) piano sonata and then joined Hermann Prey for "Die Schöne Müllerin." Brendel is one whose self-recommendation, via records, was if anything understated. He is possessed of all the resources of touch and technique to deliver Schubert's thought in all its vibrant life. Crisp rhythmic articulation gave the melodic line fine resilience, as his management of inner voices shaded the emphasis in Schubert's harmonic coloration.

Prey's choice of the blonde "Schöne Müllerin" rather than the brunette "Winterreise" cycle was happy evidence of realistic self-appraisal by this admirably endowed singer. Since he was heard here in a 1960 "Tannhäuser," Prey has worked hard and productively to make himself worthy of so searching a light as this series of twenty songs sheds. As it searched, it revealed: a lightly flexible baritone sound which bends to its owner's will with such spring and responsiveness that small variations of tension make for much more contour than some singers with voices twice as large achieve. Prey's production in such songs as "Das Wandern," "Wohin," and "Halt" was always well short of his maximum, so that the greater weight desirable for the Miller's voice in "Am Feierabend" was readily available. Doubtless he will intensify some shades of meaning as time passes, but he showed a fine sense of the spirit of the whole, and a keen awareness that the ideal of such interpretation is to recite the words to the lilt and cadence of Schubert's line. Brendel's participation had much merit, but some indication that the piano part was not wholly in his fingers.

A crowded week of music brought also the first string quartet from the Soviet Union to perform here. Though, as the members of the Komitas Quartet are all Armenians, they might not be regarded as representative of a "Russian style" of chamber music performance. Each player is a master of his instrument, and the superb instruments they used spoke eloquently for them and for Beethoven in the F minor (Opus 95) quartet. Not often does one hear so suave a combination of sounds put to so virile a musical purpose. In the subsequent Theme and Variations of their countryman Edward Mirzoyan (who was present), the abandon and freedom of the individual performers was almost soloistic, but invariably interrelated. The artfully elaborated concept left no doubt that Mirzoyan is a composer worth closer acquaintance.

Orchestras of the mid-February period included the Cleveland under Szell, performing faultlessly in Schumann (Symphony No. 1); the Philadelphia directed by Ormandy in a program that included the early, Wagner-oriented "Im Sommerwind" of Anton Webern and the equally early fourth symphony of Shostakovitch (lately authorized for performance), both polished to a prismatic glow, and the Boston Symphony with Leinsdorf in a pair of programs memorable for Henryk Szeryng's expansive performance of Benjamin Lees's first violin concerto. It has impressive constructive power if a little questionable judgment in opening with one slow movement followed by another.

—Irving Kolodin.

At the Shaw Gardens in St. Louis

By Hollis Summers

ONCE somebody willfully planned this garden
In circles, squares, and crosses, with circles squared
And squares circled into a frenzied order,

And once, no doubt, this garden bloomed roses
As lovely as, or lovelier than, roses
In catalogues and ladies' evening dresses;

But now in August the blowsy roses shatter
Despite the pruning spraying gardeners
Who shamble like clowns about the circles squared,

Despite the green snake hoses coiled
And spurting fountains, roiling the weedless soil;
The garden is past full, despite us all;

White is gray and red is only ugly
And the few new buds burst futile
As organized games and laughter for a funeral;

Tourists, already confused at being tourists
And forgetting that gold can turn to dun in August,
Fearfully stalk the garden, hoping to adjust

The names the roses wear around their stems
With other roses known in June at home.
The tourists know no roses under this sun.

Oh well, perhaps I rationalize an act
Of vandalism. Perhaps I expect
Your sympathy, before and after the fact.

But let me tell you, while we are all naked
Here in a poem, what I have undertaken.
I have changed all the labels for the sake

Of God and all the roses and all of us.
Peace is Circus; Confidence, Eclipse;
President Eisenhower is Soeur Therese;

Goldilocks is White Knight; Thor,
Moonsprite; The Fairy, Henry Ford;
Golden Dawn, Midnight— and tomorrow

Troubled tourists may wander the circling aisles
In ordered confusion among the roses smiling
And knowing, at least, the foolishness of labels.

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The Empty Outsiders

By GRANVILLE HICKS

ALTHOUGH most of us continue to live conventional and at least superficially moral lives, much of modern literature is concerned with rebels, misfits, and failures—outsiders of one sort or another. The outsider is not necessarily interesting in himself; indeed, he is often a tiresome person; but he provides an opportunity for examination of the values of the society he rejects and for speculation on the general problem of values. Since even conventional people these days are, as a rule, uncertain of their values, the outsider is to them a significant if distasteful figure.

Eileen Bassing's **"Where's Annie?"** (Random House, $5.95) is a novel about a number of people from the United States who are living in Mexico. The central figure is Victoria Beacon, a middle-aged writer with some reputation and a passion for perfection. After several unhappy marriages she is living alone and writing, with much agony, a novel that she hopes will achieve greatness. She seeks ruthlessly to exclude from her life everything that does not contribute to her purpose.

Most of the other exiles have no purpose. Some of them are painters or writers or jazz musicians, but they have accepted their secondrateness. They drink, have affairs, smoke marijuana, and, one or two of them, take dope. They live for kicks. Victoria calls them "destructive children."

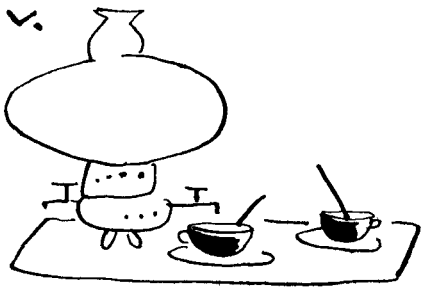
Victoria cannot achieve the indifference to other people that she believes to be her duty as an artist. At the outset she becomes involved in the miseries of an aging admiral whose young wife—the Annie of the title—is unfaithful to him. Both loneliness and compassion force her to take some part in the lives of the wastrels. And when Ned, a serious and talented painter, falls dangerously ill, she nurses him.

Ned practices what Victoria preaches: he has no compassion and is proud of it. Coldly self-centered, he is flattered by the fact that she is attracted to him, but he is incapable of responding with affection. He is bad for her in every way, even imposing his own ideas and standards upon her writing. But, knowing that the affair—if that is what it is to be called—is bound to end disastrously, she is compelled to let it run its course.

The novel is rather ingeniously constructed: each second chapter is devoted to Victoria and is written from her point of view. In some of these sections there are long flashbacks describing her earlier life, particularly her marriages. The alternating chapters are sometimes given over to biographies of other characters, including Ned, and sometimes to accounts of incidents of life among the exiles. We are told enough about the destructive children so that we have some idea how they got that way.

Miss Bassing's execution of her plan is not wholly successful, in part because of stylistic shortcomings. The chapters about Victoria rely heavily on interior monologues, which are likely to be full of questions, exclamations, and exhortations: "What did she drink last night? But she'd gone home. . . . put her plugs in her ears and gone home. . . . No. 'One for the road,' she'd said to Charles and then. . . . but it had been only a short time, hadn't it? A drink or two, at most? No, there was a long talk with Clay Patton." (Author's punctuation.) On the other hand, the alternating chapters are sometimes full of solid exposition, as, notably, in the account of Ned's life.

The novel, which is a selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club, is not without substance. Victoria, with her ambitions and her contradictions, was not an easy character to portray, and Miss Bassing has done well to make her as convincing as she is. The empty lives of the expatriates are described with considerable knowledge and insight, and their beatnik jargon is handled knowingly. The great failure, it seems to me, is Ned, whose disdainful perfectionism I cannot believe in. Unlike most of the other characters, he is no more than a puppet, contrived to serve Miss Bassing's needs.



Joyce Elbert's **"A Martini on the Other Table,"** an original paperback (Bantam, 40¢), is a less ambitious and less substantial novel than "Where's Annie?," but it does have something to tell us about life on the margins of our society. Its characters are young men and women who live in New York, mostly the Village. They, too, are connected, at least hopefully, with the arts, and they, too, live for kicks, chiefly by way of sex and alcohol.

Judy, the narrator, who writes for a newspaper syndicate but of course has literary ambitions, has recently been divorced. She announces her theme on the first page: "Two things were very appealing to men, I discovered. One was a recently divorced woman and the other was a bitch, and to my surprise I woke up one day and realized I was both, so I had no trouble at all." She describes her affairs with Frank, Fletcher, Ed, Elinor, and maybe one or two others I've forgotten. These persons are also involved with other persons, and the pattern becomes enormously complicated. One of the characters says, "Our lives overlap so that ultimately we've all been married to each other. It's just one big matrimonial bed." It is that same character whose boy friend falls in love with her husband.

SO the characters go from one affair to another, always hoping that this time, as they say, they will make it. One of Judy's lovers, a painter of some seriousness, sums up the life of the group: "So you work and you make love and you drink too much, and you keep thinking that maybe if you switched to big stacked blondes, and why is the martini on the other table always drier than your own?" Another lover provides the book's concluding line: "We all lead such secret, shameful lives."

The novel is a formless, ingenuous sort of chronicle, but it has the kind of verisimilitude one often finds in naïve documents. Certainly it does not glorify the Bohemianism it describes. On the contrary, the only point Miss Elbert seems interested in making is that this way of life is completely empty. Both Miss Elbert and Miss Bassing, indeed, end up on the side of the moralists, for the most conventional existence would seem preferable to what they are portraying. Instead of compelling their readers to examine critically the values of contemporary society, as the best novels about outsiders do, these books encourage smugness. Perhaps that is their function: to provide vicarious thrills while making what Miss Elbert's Judy calls "the A & P-on-Saturday syndrome" look pretty attractive.

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Slogans in Bloom

"The Wilting of the Hundred Flowers: The Chinese Intelligentsia Under Mao," by Mu Fu-sheng *(Praeger. 324 pp. $7.50), probes the achievements and faults of the Marxist regime. Howard L. Boorman observed the Chinese Communist entry into Peking in 1949-50, and then spent four years in the American Consulate General at Hong Kong.*

By HOWARD L. BOORMAN

BOOKS on contemporary China divide themselves naturally into two categories: academic and travel. The first group is written by professional scholars (usually American) whose documentation is extensive but whose experience in China since 1949 is nonexistent. The second group includes the volumes written by travelers to the New China (usually, with the notable exception of Edgar Snow, non-American) who strive to compensate for exiguous background research by providing atmosphere, thereby generally succumbing to one of the most ancient of Oriental traps: the temptation to write a book about China after a month in a land larger than Europe.

The Chinese themselves, at least those inclined toward discriminating discussion rather than polemics, have remained serenely aloof from the unseemly rush to analyze and interpret events in their country.

This book is thus especially notable as a serious commentary on present-day China written by an intelligent Chinese expatriate, who refers in his title to the slogan used by Peking in 1956, when the regime initiated a short-lived interlude of free criticism designed to mobilize the intellectuals: "Let a hundred flowers blossom, a hundred schools of thought contend!" The pseudonymous author is a Chinese engineer who, after twelve years in England and the United States as student, research worker, and lecturer, returned home in 1957 to offer his services in the task of national industrialization. After nearly a year, when conditions turned out to be "rather *different*" from what he had expected, he abandoned his attempt at coexistence and left of his own volition. According to Mr. Mu both what he endured and what he enjoyed at the hands of the Chinese Communists were "of modest proportion," and so balanced each other that he did not feel himself to be either favored or persecuted. In a preface dated November 1961 he outlines an essentially urbane credo: that truth (about China today) is an illusive thing; that personal contact and first-hand experience are imperative in studying what is basically a style of life, not an academic subject; and that in social analysis, as in the appreciation of art, some sympathy with the subject is prerequisite to understanding.

In three central chapters on the Chinese Communists—what they are, what they do, and what they do not do—Mr. Mu probes the achievements and faults of the regime as measured by a Chinese observer who is both rational and subtle. His estimates are sobering. Through the veteran Party members (the group recruited and trained before Mao Tse-tung gained power in 1949) the top circle of policy-makers at Peking has built the most pervasive and efficient system of political control in Chinese history. This hierarchical system of power organization and manipulation is constructed with one simple tool. That tool, found in every organization in the thoroughly organized fabric that is contemporary Chinese society, is the Communist Party branch, through which the Party dominates both social and personal life in a manner unparalleled in either the USSR or any other political system. The primary method used is psychological encirclement: unending repetition, in an unending series of meetings, of political propaganda designed to enforce discipline, stimulate conversion, and spur planned social change. The emotional energies that in other societies spread themselves through diverse channels are thus deliberately concentrated in China in the single, unified realm of politics, political persuasion, and political action.

What the Communists have not accomplished, however, is likely to prove as significant as what they have done. Too often, the author states, the Communists vitiate their pride in their hard-earned victory through preoccupation with the alleged uniqueness of the formulae through which they hope to solve China's problems. When the Communists call for national unification, economic development, and mass education, Chinese intellectuals can logically and patriotically support them because the intellectuals can, if they are willing to, see that the Communists have accomplished much that the reformers and revolutionaries of modern China have long desired but never attained.

But China's intellectuals, the great majority of whom have been educated either in the West or in colleges and universities in China run by Western-educated Chinese, are also keenly aware of another critical national dilemma still unsolved by the new regime. China's present population, now estimated at about seven hundred million and growing at the rate of fifteen million annually, permits little economic

—*Blau, Pix.*

Propaganda in Peking: "For the Five Principles of Peaceful Co-existence against the aggressive War Policy of the American Imperialists."

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surplus for investment purposes to finance long-term industrial programming. Carelessly fathered population growth may, in short, seriously inhibit that judiciously fostered economic growth that China wants and needs.

After a brief but lucid analysis of the technique and the genuine, though partial, success of Chinese "thought reform," the author turns finally, in the best tradition of the modern Chinese intellectual, to an attempt at self-examination. Here he offers an equable and sensitive critique of Chinese Communism on both patriotic and moral grounds. Of the regime's stability, he is confident; of its compatibility with that ultimate scepticism which must sustain freedom of inquiry and human progress, he is pessimistic. "The Chinese Communist regime, therefore, will last, but that does not prove anything about Marxism." That starvation brings on revolt and that it leads to abject submission are both equally true in the light of past events, as the late Professor G. M. Trevelyan has pointed out. But whatever the relation between agricultural productivity and political stability may prove to be in China, it is on human, not economic, grounds that the author finally rests his case. Pushing to its logical extreme any single aspect of human nature—be it Franciscan altruism or Nietzschean spontaneity or Taoist abandon or the present Chinese experiment in Marxist-Leninist auto-conversion—cannot solve social problems. Such single-minded efforts, however praiseworthy each may be by its own precepts, only succeed in disrupting a large part of life to improve a single aspect of it.

Though a pointed indictment of Peking's treatment of intellectuals, the book is more balanced than bitter, its resentment tempered with sobriety, its approach significant as a realistic Chinese statement of the impact of contemporary Communism upon an ethnocentric society that had long considered its distinctive culture to be a complete way of life. First published in England last year, "The Wilting of the Hundred Flowers" deserves wide and thoughtful reading in the U.S.

All Party and No Play

"Dateline—Peking," by Frederick Nossal *(Harcourt, Brace & World. 224 pp. $5.75), records the on-the-spot observations of a correspondent who spent eight months in Communist China. Robert A. Burton, a specialist in Chinese Communist affairs, is on the faculty of the University of Kansas.*

By ROBERT A. BURTON

HERE at last is a book about Red China by a Western correspondent who did not merely visit the place but who worked there for a while. In the fall of 1959 Frederick Nossal established a bureau of the Toronto *Globe and Mail* in Peking. Eight months later, after his wife and their four children had joined him from Australia, he was forced to leave. The Peking Foreign Ministry refused to extend his visa, and so he began covering mainland China from Hong Kong. He has used material gathered in both areas in writing this first-rate book.

Only officially promulgated information was available to resident foreign correspondents, Mr. Nossal quickly discovered. He lived in maddening isolation from the populace. People on the streets would not talk to him and, anyway, he could not speak the language. To be sure, he did interview some Chinese. But these were arranged affairs, overseen by assigned interpreters, at which everyone mechanically said precisely what everyone else said in such interviews, often word for official word.

Just about every move Mr. Nossal made had to be cleared through the Foreign Ministry. Its personnel, he writes in exasperation, ". . . seemed to regard us as a quite unnecessary evil which had been imposed on them by sheer misfortune." They generally thwarted his travel plans and he was not allowed to interview any officials other than some arrogantly uncommunicative ones in the Ministry's Information Department. Not unnaturally, he felt lonely and disgruntled and, sometimes, intensely bitter. Such feelings, he learned, were common to most foreign residents in Peking, including both Asian and Western diplomats and Communist foreign correspondents.

Yet Mr. Nossal obviously learned much through sensitive observation. Instead of taking his assigned place at the front of some mass political demonstrations in Peking, for example, he slipped around to the rear. There, out of view of the Party leaders, were people happily playing cards and chatting. They left the furious slogan-shouting to the less fortunate ones who could be seen from the platform. The author saw, and saw through, a good deal else.

Flashes of everyday humanity, however, were hard to spot. Mostly Mr. Nossal found grim toil. The idea that life is work and work is life was incessantly drummed into the population, and he decided the younger generation especially was accepting it. Indeed, there was much that was admirable in this dedication to hard work. But the admirable went hand-in-hand with practices he loathed—the incredible regimentation, the hypocrisy, the indoctrination of a whole population to follow the leader rather than to think.

Peking's leaders, Mr. Nossal feels, genuinely seek to create better conditions for the people and strength for the nation; but they are doing terrible things in groping to achieve their goal. Also, he notes that their ostentatious way of life is less than appropriate in a land that is desperately hungry.

"The Chinese Communists were dedicated people, I'll give them that," Mr. Nossal writes. "Their fanaticism frightened me, but I also admired them for it. In their one-track Marxist minds they were fighting for much more than a few hundred or, for that matter, a few million, dollars. God, what a life it must have been for party men. A dull, arid neverness with no laughter, no love. The only permissible passion was work. And, of course, the party."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1022

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1022 will be found in the next issue.

PQO EBMY MH MJ HQ JMH

AQOY HQ OSMHV OPVY WQL

PBEV YQH JHQQA LR HQ

TMEV.

HPQSVBL.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1021

The French language is a pianoforte without a pedal.

—GIDE.

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Bolsheviks in Bali

"Indonesian Communism: A History," by Arnold C. Brackman *(Praeger. 336 pp. $6.50), warns that Western assistance to the current regime would not only dishearten democratic foes of Sukarno but drive the country's Communist Party into an effective underground opposition. Burton Raffel, a member of the Indonesian Council of the Asia Society, lived from 1953-55 in Indonesia.*

By BURTON RAFFEL

THIS is first-rate political history, a pioneering book that has none of the deficiencies forgivable, but usually predictable, in path-breaking investigations. Arnold Brackman is clear, accurate, and concise; he is detailed, though never pedantic or dull. His fairness is admirable, as is the calmly honest, calmly outspoken tone he displays throughout "Indonesian Communism: A History." The fine chapter on the abortive Communist *putsch* (Madiun, 1948), *e.g.*, reads like the best of current military history, and the concluding chapters have the ring of analytical prophecy:

> [President] Sukarno secured Irian [West New Guinea], as he pledged he would—albeit at the cost of wrecking the economy, snuffing out representative government, trampling on civil liberties, mortgaging Indonesia's future to Soviet arms shipments, and providing the Communist Party with a rare opportunity to develop a base of mass power . . . .

Indonesia's Communist Party, the oldest in Asia (its Dutch progenitor, one Sneevliet, was also instrumental in founding the Chinese Communist Party), only emerged from gray, conspiratorial obscurity after the war and the August 17, 1945, proclamation of independence. Mr. Brackman shows us the Party's careful organizational planning, sponsored and directed from Moscow: Indonesian Communist students returning home, disguised as Socialists, Social Democrats, and what-have-you; ancient "Bolsheviks" sent back from twenty or more years of exile; the local Party faithful, maneuvering this way and that with the dogged devotion familiar the world over. An excellent example of the last, cited by Mr. Brackman, is that of a former Party chairman, Sardjono, who was asked in 1942 to join the Allied cause:

> "I harbored no personal animosity toward the Dutch despite seventeen years of confinement," Sardjono explained later. "My attitude was conditioned by my impersonal ideology. I was glad to have the opportunity to fight Fascism." Here was the dedicated, disciplined Communist.

However, even independence, with the turmoil introduced by the Japanese invasion and continued by the Dutch re-invasions of 1947 and 1949, was not a fertile enough field to enable the Communists to take power. There were several attempts, Madiun being only the most prominent, but none of them were successful—except in eliminating most of the old-line Party leadership, killed in their *putsch* attempts or shot by the Indonesian military after arrest and in the face of Dutch armies. In 1949 Indonesian Communism was fragmented, ineffective, and largely discredited.

Its renascence was due, as Mr. Brackman brilliantly shows, to two men, President Sukarno and, secondarily, the young Party chairman, D. N. Aidit. This is a fascinating tale, masterfully unfolded on any number of levels simultaneously, and far too involved, as well as too important, to be briefly summarized here. (The Index is excellent.) Mr. Brackman gives us neatly and expertly, the world Communist scene at each stage, and patiently weaves the Indonesian Communist scene into that basic pattern. Indonesian politics are, in a word, messy; Mr. Brackman works his way through them with the ease and clarity of a wise, experienced hand, unraveling motivations, confessing to speculation where solid evidence is lacking, analyzing, and—praise be—criticizing as he goes.

—*Waagenaar, Pix.*

Communist Party sign near Brestaggi in Northern Sumatra — a prophecy.

> The Dutch [re-invasion] dealt the West a hard blow throughout the Afro-Asian world and made a mockery of the Western contention that colonialism was in its death throes. . . . The West's folly, of course, would be perpetuated in Indo-China and later repeated in Algeria and Angola. . . .
>
> Nowhere in non-Communist Asia did the Communists masquerade so successfully in nationalist guise—and accordingly enjoy so free a hand—as in Indonesia.
>
> It may also be added that nowhere in non-Communist Asia was the national leadership as irresponsible or unaware as in Indonesia. . . .
>
> The success of the Marshall Plan in Western Europe, which was technically capable of absorbing massive assistance, prompted Washington to embark [in 1951] on a similar program for Asia. The United States indiscriminately made a similar assumption about the new states, despite their diverse political, economic, cultural, and religious backgrounds and temperaments. The United States failed to appreciate the starkly different psychological climate. . . .

"Indonesian Communism" is full of important political lessons, many of them quietly underlined by Mr. Brackman's frequent paralleling of Indonesia and Chiang Kai-shek's China. He does not overestimate Communist strength: "the Communists have attracted a mass movement not because the masses have endorsed the Communist program, but because the Communists have promised . . . [prosperity and land], and the peasantry is unaware that the Communists know that they cannot fill this cornucopia." On the other hand, Mr. Brackman writes, "If the Party could gain direct control of the armed forces, or failing in that, neutralize the army's effectiveness by encouraging "war lordism" or by subverting ill-paid troops, the Party would be on the threshold of power." The author's summation of

(*Continued on page* 45)

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Rhythms of Pandemonium

"The Tin Drum," by Günter Grass, *translated from the German by Ralph Manheim (Pantheon. 592 pp. $6.95), recreates through the memories of a picaresque dwarf the nightmare of twentieth-century Germany. Richard Plant teaches German literature at the City College of New York.*

By RICHARD PLANT

THERE rarely has been a German novel written by an author totally unknown in America that has been greeted with as much advance fanfare as "The Tin Drum," a breathlessly bizarre, sprawling chronicle by thirty-six-year-old Günter Grass. Using countless novelistic devices, the author combines old and new techniques in what might be labeled the archetypical novel of the outsider. Of course, Grass has followed a proven pattern, the picaresque novel brought to life by Grimmelshausen, whose "Simplicissimus" (1669) is obviously one of his models. Another is Thomas Mann's "Felix Krull," which Grass follows and parodies throughout. But whereas Mann pursues the handsome, captivating Felix through a variety of comic adventures leading to glamour and wealth, Grass traces the life, loves, and capricious times of Oskar Matzerath, who journeys through several infernos.

Because even as a baby Oskar understood every stupidity spoken by adults, he decided early in life that it wasn't worth while to become a grown-up. Thus he remained thirty-one inches tall, a grotesque but clever dwarf who could evoke the past by beating on a toy drum. The entire book consists of the memories he drums up at the age of thirty while confined to a mental hospital. Although the drum has many meanings, let us for the moment accept it as the magic prop, the voodoo instrument that can bring back yesteryears in pictures that throb with color.

The first scenes reveal the signature of Günter Grass, a signature uniquely his. In them Oskar's maternal grandmother is sitting in a Polish field, roasting potatoes and hiding a fugitive under her four capacious skirts while the stupid policemen race around her in a Keystone Comedy-like chase. Thereafter Oskar always dreams of hiding beneath grandmother's skirts just as he actually manages to hide under the dining room table, where he listens to the adults and watches Jan Bronski's foot seeking that of his mother. The Matzeraths' grocery store is Oskar's early playground, and no Dickensian locale has been more crowded with farcical, melancholy, and baffling events. Papa Matzerath seeks refuge from life's rigors in cooking and in the emerging Nazi Party, while Bronski, who may be Oskar's real father, makes love to charming Mama. Meantime Oskar learns to drum intricate and beguiling rhythms and to shatter glass with his voice when he is angry. Young Oskar is often angry, and the old city of Danzig suffers from the heaps of glass broken to bits by his wrath. The dwarf dislikes the Nazi Party; he dislikes all meetings; he dislikes most adults, except certain friendly women. But he loves funerals. Before his commitment to the institution Oskar visits cemeteries, where each service is more grotesque than its predecessor. In the violent uncertainties of war, occupation, flight, poverty, jazz playing, and loving, graveyards appear to provide his one solace.

Oskar finally becomes a celebrated jazz drummer, only to have his career end abruptly when he is indicted as murderer of his adored nurse, Dorothea, a woman he has tried to love under the guise of Satan. Previously, we have seen him join the Dusters, a gang of juvenile delinquents who steal religious paintings. They almost believe him when he tells them that his name is Jesus. Part of Oskar's vastly complex and cynical soul clings, until the very end, to some sort of bitter Catholicism. And although it seems most unlikely in this blasphemous novel, bordering on both the pornographic and the surrealist, that Oskar should have any affinity to Jesus, he has, and we believe him.

Certain incidents in the novel, particularly those in which nightmare and sex or horror and tomfoolery are mingled, are hard to forget: for instance, the scene where the strapping young gangsters, who finally recognize the dwarf as their leader, put him on the lap of a sculptured Madonna to take the place of her child, after which they conduct a pious Black Mass. There is the episode in the Onion Cellar, a Dadaist night club whose patrons willingly pay exorbitant prices to hear Oskar's jazz band and to peel onions.

—*Rama.*

Gunter Grass—"a signature uniquely his."

When the onions bring about tears, they can release their hoarded emotions to one another without inhibitions. And there are the major drum sequences when Oskar vividly conjures up the past, and the audience returns to childhood. A diabolical Pied Piper, he has the old and the middle-aged, who storm his recitals, jumping around like three-year-olds. In prosperous West Germany, "Oskarism" has developed into a true fad.

"The Tin Drum" reads like a modern "Inferno" related by Thurber and illustrated by Steinberg. Yet it is old-fashioned in its drive, its appetite, its enjoyment of the freakishness of life. Grass has not only worked out his own technique, he has put to shame all the popular theories about "the novel being dead," about the "nothingness of nothing" being the basis of existence and therefore not worth being told. If the French have now embarked on *"le roman démeublé,"* the novel in which tiny episodes are sullenly reported by disgruntled noncharacters, Grass has brought back a well-furnished novel, almost Dickensian in its vigor.

Like Vladimir Nabokov, Grass likes to depict erotic incidents in precise detail. But if Nabokov is a sly impressionist, doing exquisite *double-entendre* water colors, Grass is an expressionist, smearing on his shrieking colors in gigantic hunks. Nevertheless, he is also capable of unexpected subtleties, perhaps because his narrator is possessed of a certain paneroticism. Oskar can,

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for instance, suggest a sexual allure in such unlikely objects as a fiber rug. And coupled with this paneroticism is his synesthesia. This occurs again and again, the most startling example being Oskar's craze for vanilla flavoring, which reminds him of the body of his beloved stepmother, Maria.

Though bawdy, "The Tin Drum" is not a shocker. But it makes those novels solemnly celebrating drug addiction and bathroom-word nastiness look bloodless and thin, for it calls with a roar. While Grass's plays—"High Tide," "The Bad Cooks," "Uncle, Uncle," none of which have been performed in English—owe too much to their predecessors, the absurdists Adamov and Ionesco, he has found his own voice in this giant, untamed torrent of a chronicle (beautifully translated by Ralph Manheim). His hero, Oskar, the anarchic freak, the Priapean dwarf, can match the crushing lunacy of our world with a free and superior lunacy of his own.

Matrix for Hate

"The Birthday King: A Romance," by Gabriel Fielding *(Morrow. 383 pp. $5.95), pictures Germany when innocence and evil mingled to produce a mass hysteria. Joseph P. Bauke edits Germanic Review.*

By JOSEPH P. BAUKE

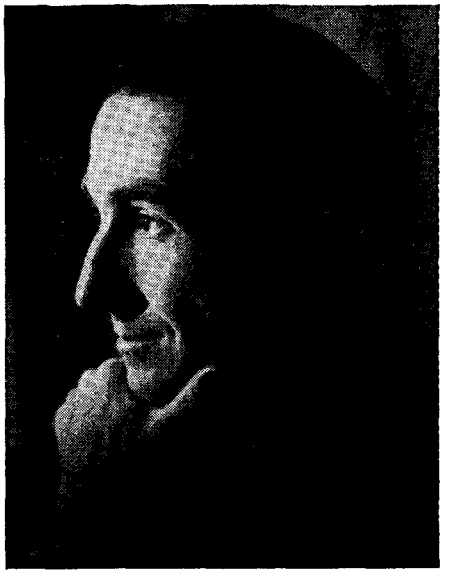
THE POSTHUMOUS fascination the Third Reich holds for writers everywhere shows no signs of abating, but as that infamous era recedes into history a tendency to mythicize its leading figures is more and more obvious, and in movies and books Hitler and his henchmen often assume an aura of Neronian depravity which puts them beyond the pale of ordinary mortals. It's hero worship in reverse. The monstrosity of the crimes cripples the imagination and explains the elevation of the perpetrators to the pantheon of iniquity. But what of the people who lived under Hitler? What of the state of mind that formed the matrix for his success?

German authors in particular often find it easy to refer to the *Führer* as the Beast from the Abyss that crept up on an unsuspecting nation. Still, no one would have thought that the best novel so far about the rule of the swastika would be written in a language other than German. Nevertheless here it is, an English import, Gabriel Fielding's "The Birthday King." Mr. Fielding evokes the final years of the thousand that Hitler had promised his people in a language so mesmeric that the horror of them is as real as blood in one's mouth. He gives us a terrifying picture of a country where innocence and wickedness mingled to produce a mass hysteria, a transport of exaltation in which pain and joy and life and death were equally desirable.

But it is not verisimilitude that Mr. Fielding is after. "The Birthday King" attempts nothing less than a genealogy of evil, an etiology of the "innocent malevolence of the Nordic mind," as Mr. Fielding tells us.

His protagonists are a family of South German industrial magnates, who are concerned only with money and economic influence. They object to Hitler because of his manners, the severest form of condemnation of which they are capable. The moral fiber withered a generation previously, and the ardently practiced Catholicism is but an empty form. The Jewish ancestor, who haunts the family like a revenant, is stuffed back into the closet, thanks to some contacts in Berlin. After all threats to the family fortune from without have been taken care of by clever machinations, the stage is set for a fight among the relatives.

The atmosphere of high life in the style of the Krupps or the Thyssens is magnificently captured, and Mr. Fielding shows an uncanny gift of endowing a minor incident with a sinister connotation. A master of the telling detail, the significant gesture, he has a Balzacian eye for the power politics of the rich. A family conversation can be as dangerous as quicksand, and good breeding does not prevent a man from delivering his brother into the hands of the Gestapo. Every member of the clan is intoxicated with his private dream of being some sort of birthday king, and under the proud veneer of manners a cesspool of vices luxuriates. Alfried, the oldest son and the only decent person, ends up in a concentration camp after being betrayed by his friends. A knowledge of right and wrong does not exist in this world, in which the Fall has not yet happened. But far from being Paradise, it is beastly and utterly unpredictable.



Gabriel Fielding — the "innocent malevolence of the Nordic mind."

THE Germans in this romance, as Mr. Fielding calls his story, even those looked down upon as socially inferior, are united in their feelings by the myth of Aryan superiority, a chosen-people complex that comforts them even while they swallow the lethal capsules so as to avoid falling into the hands of enemies whom they despise. There are th officious Eichmann types among them, the depraved young disciples of Baldur von Schirach, and many, many, whose only sin is naïveté.

Mr. Fielding's style is precise and elegant, alive and convincing. Though there is a moral to the tale, the author never slips into sermonizing. The passion, the insight and the artistic restraint of "The Birthday King" make it a book that will long be remembered, and one by which other books on Nazi Germany will be judged.

CORROSION OF DECENCY: The setting of Rudolph von Abele's second novel, **"The Party"** (Houghton Mifflin, $4.95), is a small town in the Austrian Alps. The year is 1943. The local officials and some military brass are gathered at the town's chateau at the invitation of the Marshal, an arrogant, lusty, and totally unscrupulous Nazi bigwig with a close resemblance to Hermann Goering. The Marshal lords it over his guests like a boar over pigs and runs the show with a vulgarity so enormous that the whole supporting cast is dwarfed by him. Under a veneer of conviviality and camaraderie the doltish slob gradually turns out to be a monster who holds his visitors under a hypnotic spell.

Colonel Steinbaum, one of the guests, should be immune to it for a number

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of reasons. He was wounded in Russia for a cause he realizes is lost, his mistress was sent to a concentration camp, and he himself has been toying with the idea of joining a plot against the Marshal. The party at the chateau reveals the Achilles heel of this would-be resistance fighter: he weakens in the presence of such abundant vitality.

Von Abele's dissection of the moral corrosion of a basically decent man is believable, but the story suffers from a lack of local color, and Teutonic heaviness hangs over the goings-on like a leaden cloud.

Nevertheless, insight into human nature is not lacking, there are some powerful characterizations, and the prose shows the hand of a careful stylist. Another document has been added to the analysis of the soul of man under Nazism. —J.P.B.

SIEGFRIED IN NAZI BARRACKS: Hans Hellmut Kirst is not one of Germany's most distinguished authors, as his publishers would have us believe, but there is no denying that he is widely read and translated. His new novel, "**The Officer Factory,**" translated by Robert Kee (Doubleday, $6.50), leaves no room for speculation about the reasons for his success.

What there is in the way of a plot begins, grimly enough, at the open grave of an officer who has been blown up by one of the cadets under his tutelage. The murderer is a fanatic Nazi, who is hunted down by a lieutenant as noble as the mythical Siegfried. This being Hitler's Germany, all values are upside down, and the good lieutenant comes to a sad end after about 500 pages of trouble. His is the fate of all individualists who try to uphold the grand tradition of Prussian soldiering in this Pavlovian officers' school.

Since numerous *fräuleins* are willing and eager, the officer factory is rather like a stud farm, and sex is practiced all over the compound. Unhealthy passions also thrive in this corrupt setting, and Mr. Kirst weaves a pretty clumsy web of innuendo around some of his men. His strength is directness, a locker-room primitivism that enables him to transcribe very convincingly the coarse dialogue and the stupidity of the training grounds.

In a postscript we learn that the barracks in which Hitler's officers were manufactured are, once again, an army training school. Mr. Kirst seems alarmed but whenever he gets profound or prophetic he sounds like a soldier bitching in the mess hall. He is a competent storyteller, at his best when he sticks to the crude details of military life. In that department he can be exceedingly funny and, on occasion, honestly indignant. —J.P.B.

ART

The Artist as Family Man

"Paul Klee," by Felix Klee, *translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston (Braziller. 212 pp. $7.50), brushes in a filial portrait of the abstractionist as family man, innovator, and teacher. Harold Rosenberg, who covers art for The New Yorker, is the author of the recently published "Arshile Gorky."*

By HAROLD ROSENBERG

PREPARED by the only son of Paul Klee out of the artist's diaries, notebooks, and letters, many of which were not previously available, this book, with its many photos and pen-and-ink sketches, has some resemblance to a family album. In it you will find, perhaps to your surprise the jacket suggests, Klee portrayed as "a wholesome human being—a devoted husband and father, a gifted amateur violinist, a lively intellectual," etc. The book is the chronicle of his cooking the daily meals, very tastily, too, when his wife had to help pay the bills by giving piano lessons; of family trips; of making toys for the boy; later, taking a job at the Bauhaus and at Düsseldorf. "Quick-living and hard-working" Klee seems to have been. As a teacher he was a model of diligence: the materials for his courses, which he arranged in forty-eight folders, came to a total of 3,766 separate sheets and drawings. This meant rationalizing his approach to creation to a degree that would be alarming for any artist; in the case of Klee, one of the fathers of "spontaneity" in twentieth-century painting, to think of the folders is rather overwhelming. Nor was this orderliness imposed upon him from the outside. Each of the 9,146 works he produced from the age of three on was numbered and catalogued (in duplicate) under its appropriate classification of oil paintings, water colors, gouaches, drawings.

Practical and even-tempered and spared any extraordinary calamities, Klee led a pleasantly poetic life, enlivened by a sensitivity to nature, a devoted and admiring wife, an appreciation of music and the theatre, a somber but refined sense of humor, and contact with some of the most creative personalities of his day: Kandinsky, Marc, Feininger, Moholy-Nagy, Gropius. Humanity and good sense carried him over the two great public catastrophes of his lifetime: World War I, which, already aged thirty-five, he served out behind the lines, and Hitler's rise to power, to which he reacted by promptly leaving Germany forever and applying for citizenship in Switzerland, where he had been born of a German father.

"Paul Klee" is divided into three parts: "The Life," "Themes in Klee's Creative Work," "Teaching at the Bauhaus." From the excerpts from letters and his own writings it is possible, with the help of information filled in by Felix, to piece together the main events in Klee's career and such human-interest details as that he was very attached to his cat named Bimbo, that he also liked fishing, that he always painted and drew with his left hand. Quotations from his diaries indicate that Klee was an excellent writer: he says of World War I and its casualties that "the whole thing had as much mentality attached to it as a smear of filth on the heel of a shoe."

Yet the details of Klee's personality and of his day-to-day existence fail to bring to life either the man or his environment. Perhaps too many of the inserts are on the level of Felix's comment ". . . later the Kandinskys came to the vicinity, and we had many jolly hours together." What did Kandinsky and Klee talk about? Not a hint.

IT is, oddly enough—or perhaps not so oddly—only in Part Three that Klee suddenly emerges as a positive personality with a strong, coherent imagination and an advanced consciousness. This section contains an essay by Klee and an important lecture (previously published in English by Faber & Faber, London, in 1948 under the title "Paul Klee on Modern Art"), as well as a memoir by a fellow artist that discloses some of Klee's basic attitudes. Through the expressions of his ideas about art and creation Klee is revealed to us for the first time: we see the uniqueness of his mind and the drama of his struggle to reformulate the meaning and practice of painting in conformity with twentieth-century experiences.

In Klee's explanations of modern figuration and abstract art appear such radical propositions as that the artist today strives not to represent things seen but to imitate "the forces that

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created and are creating the world"; hence that the formal elements of painting—line, plane, color—are to be conceived as energies, movements, actions ("a dot begins to move and becomes a line"), rather than as building blocks of spatial organizations; that since the work of art is from its inception to its completion a process or activity of creation, "it is never experienced as a mere product," and that until he learns a new approach "the beholder suffers from the disadvantage of being presented with an end-product; as far as the creative process is concerned, he appears to be going at the work the wrong way round."

Despite Klee's relative unpopularity at the moment among American abstract artists, largely owing to the small scale of his works and their deliberate finickiness, the issues he confronted and his responses to them retain their original exciting relevance. As Hugo Ball wrote about him in *"Fluch aus der Zeit"*: "He scarcely detaches himself from his inspiration. He knows the shortest path from his inspiration to the page." This handsomely produced but poorly formed book (the last section should be read first: it will even make Bimbo and the birthday greetings more interesting) is therefore well worth acquiring for its intellectual interest and as an item in the literature of Paul Klee.

THE GREEK OF TOLEDO: "The unparalleled nature of El Greco's art can best be understood in relation to the clash of cultures from which he emerged: the Cretan heritage, the Italian Renaissance and Mannerist environment in which he was so thoroughly schooled, and the religious temper of Spanish Toledo which he absorbed. All of them he assimilated but, through his imagination and emotional powers, transmuted into an original and personal expression." So states Harold E. Wethey in his two-volume study **"El Greco and His School"** (Princeton Universtiy Press, $40).

Born Kyriakos Theotokopoulos in Crete in the 1540s, the artist first acquired the elongated, nervous style of Byzantine iconography from a local teacher. Later he studied in the Venice of Titian and Tintoretto, and eventually settled in Toledo, where he received the patronage of the Spanish Church.

His use of the symbolic distortion of reality effectively expressed the passionate mysticism that characterized the Counter-Reformation. "The Burial of Count Orgaz," often considered his masterpiece, commemorates a medieval benefactor of the Church, at whose funeral St. Stephen and St. Augustine, according to legend, appeared to lower the body into its grave. Though Orgaz died in 1323, El Greco paints the scene as a contemporary event, including portraits of the local nobility and clergy among the attendants. Directly above the scene (and not visible in the detail reproduced here) the artist shows the Count's soul as a small, diaphanous mannikin being carried to Heaven by an angel.

El Greco won high recognition, was granted the use of twenty-four rooms in the Palace of the Marquis of Villena, and is said to have possessed a fine library of works ranging from Aristotle to Ariosto. Pacheco, the teacher and father-in-law of Velázquez, visited him in 1611 and reported that he was as great a philosopher and wit as he was a painter. Upon his death, he was buried with knightly honors.

Yet because of the idiosyncrasy of his style, El Greco was largely neglected for the next 300 years, until he was rediscovered by the modern Impressionists.

Detail, "Holy Family."

"Annunciation."

Detail, "Burial of the Count of Orgaz."

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The Nation and the Nine

"The Supreme Court: Palladium of Freedom," by Alpheus Thomas Mason *(University of Michigan Press. 207 pp. $4.95), and* ***"The Least Dangerous Branch: The Supreme Court at the Bar of Politics," by Alexander M. Bickel*** *(Bobbs-Merrill. IX, 303 pp. $6), evaluate the men whom Dean Eugene V. Rostow of Yale has described as "teachers in a vital national seminar." During March Irving Dilliard is serving as Regents lecturer on the press, the Supreme Court, and the course of American civil liberties at the University of California at Riverside.*

By IRVING DILLIARD

RECENT months have brought substantial change in the composition of our highest bench. As yet, however, there is no sure way to know what that change will produce in outlook, attitude—and decisions.

Specifically, after twenty-three years in the Supreme Court, Justice Felix Frankfurter of Massachusetts retired in his eightieth year last summer and was succeeded by Justice Arthur J. Goldberg of Illinois. Earlier last year Justice Charles Evans Whittaker of Missouri, one of the junior members, withdrew, and to his seat President Kennedy appointed Justice Byron R. White of Colorado.

Since World War II far and away the most important work of the Supreme Court has been in its disposition of cases involving citizens arising under the Bill of Rights—cases of free speech, free religion, free press, free assembly, and fair trial rights. Because Justices Frankfurter and Whittaker regularly helped make up the recent hairline five-to-four majority against invocation of these claimed freedoms the question now is: What will their successors do?

Will Justices White and Goldberg join generally with Justices Tom C. Clark of Texas, John Marshall Harlan of New York, and Potter Stewart of Ohio to keep the old majority view in the ascendancy? Or will one or both of the new Justices affiliate with Chief Justice Earl Warren of California and Justices Hugo L. Black of Alabama, William O. Douglas of Connecticut, and William J. Brennan, Jr., of New Jersey?

If it is the latter, a most significant change will have taken place. For then the First Amendment decisions that have tipped against Lloyd Barenblatt, Willard Uphaus, Carl Braden, Frank Wilkinson, George Anastaplo, Raphael Konigsberg, and many others would now go the other way. The so-called "balancing process" would be ended or greatly limited and the Bill of Rights restored, deeply concerned observers would consider, to its rightful place.

In such a time of waiting and potential transition here are two absorbing books to read and reflect on. Each is by a specialist in the role of the Supreme Court. Alpheus Thomas Mason, McCormick professor of jurisprudence at Princeton University, has written extensive biographies of Chief Justice Harlan F. Stone and Justice Louis D. Brandeis, as well as a review of the Court's work from the Chief Justiceship of William Howard Taft to that of Mr. Warren. Alexander M. Bickel, who is professor in the Yale University Law School and a one-time Frankfurter law clerk, brought together the "unpublished opinions" of Justice Brandeis.

Expanding his Cook Lectures at the University of Michigan, Professor Mason reviews historically the creation of the "political system without a model" and checks over the early "buttresses of freedom," including the establishment of the Bill of Rights. Then he takes up in turn the struggles between Jefferson and Chief Justice Marshall, between Franklin D. Roosevelt and the Court under Charles Evans Hughes, and finally the assault on the Warren Court by James O. Eastland of Mississippi, William E. Jenner of Indiana, and other wide-swinging critics of the Supreme Court in recent Congresses.

Both Jefferson and FDR opposed "judicial pre-eminence" but, as Professor Mason reminds us, "Jefferson's initial criticism of the Federal judiciary grew out of the Court's failure to declare the Alien and Sedition Acts unconstitutional." Of course, Roosevelt's 1937 bill to enlarge the Court resulted from a series of decisions invalidating key New Deal measures. Jefferson, too, had a Court-reform program. As a still-critical ex-President, he proposed changes to make impeachment easier and to limit judicial tenure.

En route to the present, Professor Mason highlights Supreme Court history in connection with slavery, Reconstruction, the popular political movements of the 1890s and the early twentieth century. His statistics show that after 1888 judicial vetoes of state and federal legislation "rose markedly" in number, the invalidated legislation being more crucial since it was "designed to remedy recognized evils and enacted in response to overwhelming popular demand."

Following the famous Lochner bakeshop decision in 1905, which struck down a New York maximum-hours law as among the then current "mere meddlesome interferences with the rights of the individual," Boston lawyer Brandeis challenged the Supreme Court's equation of "individual idiosyncrasies . . . with constitutional imperatives." What Brandeis did was to develop the "bold briefmaking technique of amassing facts and statistics." The effect of the Brandeis brief in *Muller* v. *Oregon*, 1908, as Professor Mason so well says, "was to penetrate rather than level the *laissez-faire* barrier."

A MOST amusing and illuminating letter from Chief Justice Hughes to Professor Mason's predecessor in the Princeton chair, Edward S. Corwin, is quoted. Corwin gave his 1932 Yale lectures the title "The Twilight of the Supreme Court." On receiving the book, Hughes wrote in 1934 to Corwin: "For the moment I am not able to get beyond the title, 'The Twilight of the Supreme Court.' This arrests me. Why 'Twilight,' when we are brilliantly lit up? . . . I am moved to suggest a possible improvement. Why not substitute 'The Supreme Court in the Reflected Radiance of the Professors'?"

Although Hughes was able to present a united Court front in opposition to the Roosevelt plan, the Chief Justice had his troubles inside the bench as well. Professor Mason shows that it was characteristic of Hughes "when he joined the so-called liberals, whether in the majority or in dissent," to do so "in the narrowest possible way." He was regularly being pushed by Justices Stone, Brandeis, or Cardozo and "sometimes the three combined." Hughes, so Professor Mason phrases it, insisted on equipping his opinions with an "escape hatch through which he might move in whatever direction expediency seemed to demand."

But though Hughes so successfully camouflaged his rulings that "even the most discerning commentators were

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misled," Professor Mason finds that professional as well as lay opinion ranks Hughes second only to Marshall as a great Chief Justice. Among Hughes's "superior qualities" he mentions unimpeachable integrity, unflagging industry, consummate skill in conference and open court, and magisterial presence.

The author cites this major difference: "History has repudiated Hughes's theory of the Union; it has sustained that of Chief Justice Marshall." Moreover, Marshall's Court tried "to lead too rapidly," while that of Hughes held "back too long."

The troubles of the Warren Court stem not alone from the desegregation decision of 1954, although it "initiated the greatest social revolution of this generation." Professor Mason sees the Court in recent Cold War years as "damming a powerful current in our politics." It has done this in decisions defending basic freedoms that have roused "bitter denunciation from those inclined to equate security with repression."

Baker v. *Carr*, the Tennessee legislative reapportionment decision, is listed in a group of recent rulings that "vie impressively" with great decisions of Marshall's time. Professor Mason rejects the notion that security and freedom are necessarily "at cross purposes." The core of the problem, he says, is that "at some point the two values coincide." Because majorities are in flux, "defense of the political rights of minorities thus becomes, not the antithesis of majority rule, but its very foundation." And so "the Court is the Palladium of free government" whose decisions "have a moral force far exceeding that of the purse or the sword."

Like Professor Mason, Professor Bickel assigns a positive role to the Supreme Court. He puts it this way: "The Court is a leader of opinion, not a mere register of it, but it must lead opinion, not merely impose its own."

The Bickel treatment, too, goes back to *Marbury* v. *Madison* and its architect, Marshall, who was not given his great place but rather "created and seized it." To Professor Bickel it is as clear as such things can be that the framers of the Constitution expected federal courts would "pass on the constitutionality of actions of Congress and the President, as well as of the several states." Judicial review, he writes, "represents a choice that men have made, and ultimately we must justify it as a choice in our own time."

What is the Supreme Court's constitutional function? As Professor Bickel sees it, it is to define values and proclaim principles. And often, as first the problem of slavery and now desegregation show, "we require principle and expediency at once."

The Yale scholar finds interest but little profit in weighing the contending views of, say, Justice Black, on the one hand, and Professor Charles Fairman of Harvard, on the other, as to what the Fourteenth Amendment did or did not do in the way of applying the Bill of Rights to the states. Time after time, an assertion of original intention is followed by its refutation. And since the refutation does not prove the opposite, "the answer that must emerge in the vast majority of cases is no answer."

Professor Bickel recommends caution with respect to results from the redistricting decision. "Urban voters," he writes, "will be snatching defeat from the jaws of victory if they now concentrate all their energies on law suits and focus their hopes of ultimate success on the judiciary." In short, what the Supreme Court has done is to open slightly the judicial gate that should not have been closed some fifteen years ago by the Frankfurter majority opinion in the new overturned Illinois congressional redistricting case. Legislative bodies still are obligated to do their own reapportioning.

The Yale professor is a law teacher who is not afraid to declare his own strong views of legal wrongs. In a Louisiana double jeopardy case, the Supreme Court "legitimated the horror of a second (and successful) electrocution of the same man." The Court, in the Rosenberg spy case, "lent its acquiescence . . . to a proceeding of grisly speed, consummated in an atmosphere of the tumbrel rolling to the guillotine and the heads being shown to the mob." And in "the equally unspeakable Chessman case, the Court's role was less affirmatively discreditable, but its opportunity was greater."

One of the rewards of this book is that Professor Bickel skilfully knits in quotations from a host of authorities and, since these are carefully documented, the reader may look them up in their settings. Among the author's favorites is the late Thomas Reed Powell of Harvard, whose wit flashes on a good many pages. Under the Constitution's Commerce Clause, Powell said, the states might regulate and tax interstate commerce, "but not too much"; the task of the Supreme Court was to decide "how much is too much."

A quotation from Yale's Dean Eugene V. Rostow is a fitting thought on which to close this salute to two wholly readable books and the Court they concern: "The Justices are inevitably teachers in a vital national seminar."

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

IN A STATE OF CONFUSION

Place names, it appears, have a way of getting misplaced; witness this group of all-USA strays assembled by Ralph Chamberlain of Syracuse, New York. He asks you to assign the correct designations (of towns, cities, topographical features) to the proper commonwealths. Answers on page 46.

1. Arkansas City*	( ) Arkansas
2. Carolina	( ) California
3. Colorado	( ) California
4. Connecticut Lakes	( ) Colorado
5. Dakota City	( ) Colorado
6. Delaware	( ) Indiana
7. Iowa Park	( ) Iowa
8. Idaho Springs	( ) Kansas
9. Illinois Bayou	( ) Missouri
10. Indiana	( ) Nebraska
11. Louisiana	( ) New Hampshire
12. Michigan City	( ) New Jersey
13. Missouri Valley	( ) North Carolina
14. Nevada Falls	( ) Ohio
15. Oregon Inlet	( ) Pennsylvania
16. Strait of Georgia	( ) Pennsylvania
17. Tennessee Pass	( ) Puerto Rico
18. Virginia Pass	( ) Texas
19. West New York	( ) Texas
20. West Wyoming	( ) Washington

*Accent on second syllable of Arkansas; last syllable pronounced as spelled.

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Whaler to Bear and Bull

"The Enterprising Americans: A Business History of the United States," by John Chamberlain *(Harper & Row. 282 pp. $5.95), chronicles, interprets, and analyzes the dollars-and-cents facts of our life as a nation. Karl Schriftgiesser is author of "Business Comes of Age," a history of the Committee for Economic Development.*

By KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER

ONE DAY John Davenport's daughter came home from school distraught because she could find no history of American business except of the "robber baron" variety. Since Mr. Davenport is an editor of *Fortune* he not only appreciated his daughter's dilemma but was in a position to do something about it. At once he summoned John Chamberlain from his den at the *Wall Street Journal* and put him to work on a new history that, in Mr. Chamberlain's words, "would treat business as a prime creative force."

John Chamberlain is a brilliant journalist. His book reviews for the *WSJ* are among the sprightliest items appearing in that newspaper. Mr. Chamberlain is also something of a scholar who in the past has written a number of nimble analyses of American history. In addition, he has a flair for economic interpretation. And in this post-Keynesian era it is no longer fashionable to jeer at him for having said "farewell to reform."

The book he has written is brilliant. Its style is sprightly. Its analyses are nimble. Its economic interpretations are done with a flair. Mr. Davenport's daughter should consider herself very lucky to be able to come home from school and curl up with such a safe and sound, such a thoroughly researched, such a skilful recounting of all the well-known (and much not well-known) data of an America whose business, as Calvin Coolidge well said, is business.

This is not to imply by any means that Mr. Chamberlain has written a juvenile. "The Enterprising Americans" is for adults. As it trips along in faultless prose over its familiar and unfamiliar paths it gives a fascinating account of the dollars-and-cents history of the United States from the days of the first pre-Colonial fishing shacks off the New England coast to the appearance of Telstar in the firmament.

Mr. Chamberlain quite rightly believes that in approaching the history of the United States we must never forget that "without the free play of prices, profits, and wages the calculation of human choice breaks down." All is not politics. The tradition of Bancroft as historian is passé. "Chanticleer may crow on the political hustings," Mr. Chamberlain writes, "but the sun rises by itself." To him, one gathers, the sun is the market place. He may be right.

Since it is the market place he explores in this book it is from that vantage point we must examine it. Mr. Chamberlain has read well in the mercantile, commercial, industrial, and financial libraries of American history. He has brought together an amazing amount of information in brief and exciting space about the planters, merchants, bankers, and early industrialists of Colonial and Revolutionary times. His story of the progress of invention, industry, and business up to the days of the Civil War is superb. His sense of pace, the joy he expresses as he traipses through the early plants, factories, and mechanics' homes, the cameraderie of his visits to the crackpot Yankee inventors are infectious.

It is after the Civil War, when the age of industrialism began, that he is, in my opinion, less successful. This was without doubt an ugly, striving time, and its crassness and greed seem to throw Mr. Chamberlain a little off stride. He becomes just a bit too defensive of some of the more unsavory characters who were around in those days and a little too waspish about those eminent moralists who questioned the ultimate aims of business. In his efforts to set the record straight from the point of view of private enterprise he too often appears to look down his nose.

This attitude detracts from the latter part of the book, and spoiled, for me at least, his otherwise excellent chapters on the New Freedom, the New Deal, and conditions today. In these, when we wipe away the sneers at that dreadful ogre. Government, we have one of the best accounts extant of industrial accomplishment in the twentieth century. It will come as a surprise to learn how much industrial progress there was in the sad days of the Depression, and how much business was accomplished in actual research and development when certain cross men were sitting in the White House saying nasty things about money changers in the temple.

HOWEVER, one should not carp. Every so often Mr. Chamberlain's conscience peeps through. Now and then he even shudders, slightly, at certain shenanigans of our past. (He likes J. P. Morgan but he despises Jay Gould.) Mr. Davenport's daughter should grow up to be a fine, upstanding citizen. However, if her reading of Mr. Chamberlain's bibliography leads her to further research, she may be in for something of a shock. Business, as Charles Beard was not the first to discover, has always been a "prime creative force," but its story has not always been quite as glorious as Mr. Chamberlain sets it forth.

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SR's Check List of New Books

Art

La Casa Colonial Venezolana. By G. Gasparini. Wittenborn. $7.50.

Dessins: Drawings. By Juan Gris. Wittenborn. $2.50.

Early Christian to Medieval Painting. By Andrea Emiliani. Golden Press. $5.

European Paintings in Canadian Collections. By R. H. Hubbard. Duke Univ. Press. $8.75.

Florentine Painting. By Eneo Carli. Golden Press. $5.

The Gothic Revival: A Study in the History of Taste. By Kenneth Clark. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.

Pietro Consagra. Universe Books. $15.

Rumania: Painted Churches of Moldavia. By André Grabar and Georges Oprescо. New York Graphic Society. $18.

Yaacov Agam. Universe Books. $20.

Biography

The Castles and the Crown. By Townsend Miller. Coward-McCann. $6.95.

Four Portraits and One Subject: Bernard De Voto. By Catherine Drinker Bowen and others. Houghton Mifflin. $4.

George Washington Carver: An American Biography. By Rackham Holt. Doubleday. $4.95.

The Man Who Rode the Tiger: The Life and Times of Judge Samuel Seabury. By Herbert Mitgang. Lippincott. $6.95.

Memoirs of Childhood and Youth. By Albert Schweitzer. Macmillan. Paperback, 95¢.

My Life in Music. By Artur Schnabel. St. Martin's. $4.50.

New Nigerians. By Mora Dickson. Rand McNally. $4.95.

There's No Place Like Nome. By Artis Palmer. Morrow. $3.95.

With Sunshiny Faces. By Fleming Healy. Lippincott. $3.95.

Cookbooks

Instant Haute Cuisine. By Esther Riva Solomon. Lippincott. $5.50.

The Ulcer Diet Cook Book. By Harold Rubin. Lippincott. $4.95.

Current Affairs

American Immigration Policies: An Authoritative Survey of Legal, Legislative, Administrative, and Humanitarian Developments. By Marion T. Bennett. Public Affairs Press. $6.

American Learned Societies: An Appraisal of the Nation's Leading Professional Organizations. By Joseph C. Kiger. Public Affairs Press. $6.

The American Way in Taxation: Internal Revenue 1862-1963. Edited by Lillian Doris. Prentice-Hall. $5.95.

Between Arab and Israeli. By E. L. M. Burns. Obolensky. $6.50.

China's Cultural Diplomacy. By Herbert Passin. Praeger. $4.50.

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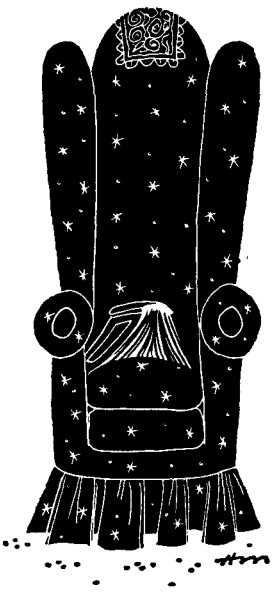

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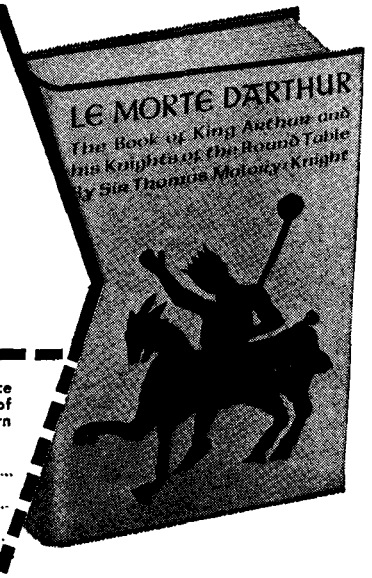

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(*Continued on page* 44)

NO ONE EVER WRITES TO CHAN SOO

Life for Chan Soo has been a bewildering succession of new places, strange voices and unfamiliar faces. His family are refugees from the north. When Chan Soo's father was killed in an accident last year, his mother moved to a neighboring village to seek work. She now ekes out a precarious living as a farm worker. The harsh demands of the soil leave her little time—or strength—to care for Chan Soo.

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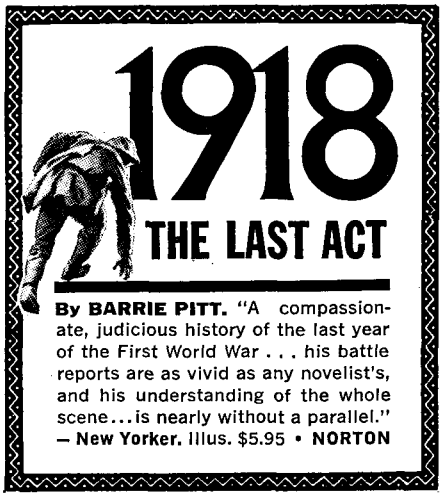

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—LYNN MILLER, *Publishers' Weekly*.

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Books in the News

(*Continued from page* 34)

President Sukarno's position, and of any possible westward tack that skilful opportunist may take, applies far more widely than the borders of even the sixth largest nation in the world:

> It would be folly for the West to reward such opportunism. A program of Western assistance would not only dishearten the democratic opponents of Sukarno's regime, many of whom are now in jail, others under surveillance, but would also drive the PKI [Communist Party of Indonesia] into an underground opposition from where they could fan the smoldering fires of popular discontent. In such a situation, the West would find itself backing the wrong horse. Western errors of omission and commission have been manifest in Indonesia for more than a decade; they would be compounded by shoring up the incumbent regime and, therefore, the *status quo*.

The Hectic Archipelago

"Indonesia: Troubled Paradise," by Reba Lewis *(McKay. 192 pp. $5.95), tells of the teen-aged nation's particularly hectic years. Bernard Kalb is Southeast Asia correspondent for CBS News.*

By BERNARD KALB

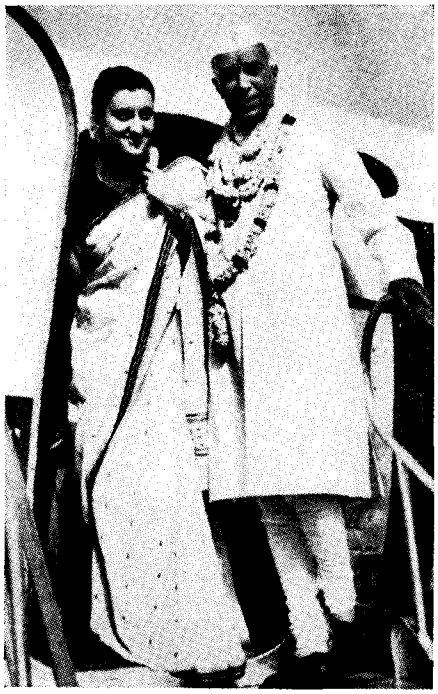
THE FIFTH most populous country in the world, Indonesia, an archipelago of magnificence, frustration, and 100,000,000 people, is one of the most underdeveloped, underknown, and under-understood new nations around, a land badly in need of being explained. This is quite a challenge, telling the story of a turbulent, headstrong, independent teen-ager like Indonesia, and Reba Lewis, who lived on Java during the particularly hectic years of 1957 to 1960, is the latest of a comparatively few Americans who have had the courage to try.

Indonesia has a way of dividing the foreigners who take up temporary residence there into -philes, -phobes, and -phobephiles, with the accent on -phile. Though critical at times, Mrs. Lewis is an unabashed -phile. The wife of a World Health Organization professor who helped set up a department of pharmacology at the Fakultas Kedokteran affiliated with Airlangga University, in Surabaja, she got around, learned how to speak *bahasa Indonesia,* and browsed through the works of foreigners (Captain Cook and others) who preceded her to the archipelago. The result is a highly personalized, generally sympathetic account of the history, politics, and people of Indonesia. It is illuminating (when she writes about what she herself saw, heard, and discovered), guidebooky (when she writes about Bali, Borobudur, etc.), and exasperating (mostly because of what she writes—and leaves out—about politics). It is, curiously, without any special passion, even though it is a book, one has the feeling, Mrs. Lewis couldn't resist writing.

At times probing, at times superficial, her narrative tells of the years 1957-60: the revolt of the Outer Islands that began in 1958, the campaign for Irian Barat (West New Guinea), the crackdown on the Dutch community, the sudden devaluation of currency in 1959, the attempt on President Sukarno's life in 1957, the great strides made in education, the discrimination against the Chinese. Many of the facts and some of the emotions are here; thanks to Mrs. Lewis's personalized chronicling, a newcomer to the story of Indonesia does get a bit of the feel of what took place in those years when Indonesia was pushed across the threshold to "guided democracy."

All right. But it is in the field of political reporting that the author is at her weakest. For example—and this is only one example—she says that the 1948 Communist uprising at Maduin, in mid-Java, was a result of the policy followed by the anti-Communist Moslem Masjumi party "against the progressive forces as well as the Communists." "*Tidak!*" as they say in Indonesia. It means "not at all." Communist strategy at that time, when the young republic was in the midst of a revolution against the Netherlands, was laid down by a hardened Communist by the name of Muso, who had just had himself smuggled into Indonesia after a long exile in the Soviet Union. Though certain historians have debated whether the Communists staged their revolt on their own initiative or were provoked into it by anti-Communist military elements, the critical fact is that it was not a reaction to the policies of the Masjumi. It was part of Communist insurrectionist strategy in Southeast Asia at the time. The book also lacks an analysis of Sukarno's political tactics, the current strategy of the Communist Party, and Indonesia's belief in—and merchandising of—her policy of "nonalignment" in a Cold War world.

But, as one -phile to another, I can't resist congratulating Mrs. Lewis for adding her account to the small but growing shelf of books, in English, about a troubled giant eager for love.



—From the book.

Indira Gandhi and Jawaharlal Nehru—like father, like daughter?

Next PM for India

"After Nehru, Who?," by Welles Hangen *(Harcourt, Brace & World. 303 pp. $6.95), discusses eight potential successors to the Prime Ministry, of whom six are still in the running. Frank Moraes is editor-in-chief of the Indian Express, Bombay.*

By FRANK MORAES

THE QUESTION most often asked of an Indian by foreign friends and acquaintances, in his country or abroad, is "After Nehru, who?" In this book Welles Hangen attempts to answer by posing a list of eight likely successors, with all of whom he has had the benefit of frank, often perceptive talks. The result is a portrait gallery of some of the more outstanding leaders of modern India, which, apart from revealing their minds and personalities, gives the reader a rewarding insight into the thought and outlook of India today.

Of the eight individuals chosen, two —one a soldier and the other a politician—have already fallen by the wayside. The soldier was Lieutenant General B. M. Kaul, former chief of General Staff of the Indian army, who was in command in NEFA when the Chinese attacked and who resigned following the debacle. Kaul had the reputation of being a political-minded soldier closely affiliated with the then Defense Minister, Krishna Menon (the fallen politician), with whom however

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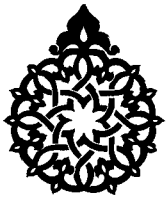
he latterly fell out. Even before Kaul's resignation Krishna Menon was prised out of office, and he is unlikely to return despite attempts to rejuvenate him and despite Nehru's liking for him as the only minister with "a modern mind" in his Cabinet.

Of the other six in Welles Hangen's list the man most widely rumored to be Nehru's probable successor is Morarji Desai, the puritan-minded Finance Minister, who is associated with the right wing in the Cabinet. Desai's chances are good if the Congress Parliamentary Party, with some of whose members he is not overpopular due to his stringent views and often tart tongue, accept him as leader. Many in India feel that a more acceptable interim leader is Lal Bahadur Shastri, the present Home Minister, who comes from Nehru's state of Uttar Pradesh and is an old and close associate of the Prime Minister. Another compromise choice, also interim, could be Nehru's daughter, Indira Gandhi, who shares her father's views and sympathies.

Hangen's remaining three candidates are Jayaprakash Narayan, S. K. Patil, and Y. B. Chavan. Of these, this reviewer feels that Chavan, who is forty-nine, is the only potential Prime Minister. He is an adroit politician with very definite objectives who has kept carefully to the center, thereby alienating neither right nor left, and he has the advantage of comparative youth.

S. K. Patil was among the names mentioned seven to ten years ago as a likely Prime Minister. He has considerable capacity and great drive, but he is far to the right of Nehru, with whom he has little in common politically or temperamentally. The attractive Jayaprakash Narayan, a man of integrity and independence, continues to have a mass appeal though he has been out of politics for many years and is now dedicated to social service among the rural masses.

Welles Hangen has written an interesting and provocative book. Some of the observations by Indian leaders that he quotes will intrigue and might disconcert readers in India. But the volume has a refreshing frankness and verve.



LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

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Dark Thoughts in the Black Forest

Continued from page 20

around which a modern legend has arisen. It goes like this: "Colorful beer-drinking Germany was taken over by demonic Nazis. Their evil plans were thwarted, and bad old Germany went down in flames. Cleansed and purified, West Germany emerged ready to work and become a card-carrying democracy. Hitler was replaced by the shrewdest of statesmen—Adenauer. Soon the Volkswagens were rolling merrily off the assembly lines. (If you're smart you'll buy not one but two—unless of course you can afford a Mercedes)."

The *Wirtschaftwunder* has given a recently devastated people ample grounds for pride. Germany's new industrial lords are powerful; they know it. Their products are good; the world knows it. Their words and actions are distressingly like those of their predecessors. Economic success has fed latent nationalism. At an air show at one of the United States Air Force bases, the Germans displayed several jet planes which our government supplied them. Walking by one of these, I heard a German say to his companion: "See there? We'll soon have a better air force than the Americans!"

Members of the middle generation, now in their forties, are at the heart of Germany's troubles. Events of the last decade have tended to cut them off from both parents and children. Their elders saw the Nazi years as a nightmare which interrupted German society as it ought to be. The "um-pah" of old-style bands still sounds in their memories. Their grandchildren, growing up since 1945, find the Nazi years impossible to imagine. They see gilt, not guilt, everywhere. The *New York Times* quoted from a Munich schoolboy's history notes: "Hitler built autobahns and ended unemployment which was good. He started the war which was not so good. He lost the war, and that was the worst."

Such boys' fathers saw that "worst"; both their physical and cultural landscape was pounded to pieces. No *Wirtschaftwunder* can replace it. Like Lady Macbeth, they can never get the blood off their hands. This middle generation must live and die knowing that the world has condemned them. "A great part of the German people in those dreadful years didn't want to see what was going on," one of Charles W. Thayer's German friends told him. "They seemed to have no soul left. A sort of satanic hardening of the conscience shut out every word of truth." Where truth is cut out, Satan comes in. Catastrophe has somehow branded Germany with the mark of Cain. On this note of enduring human tragedy the German dilemma rests.

Multitudinous *personal* frustrations are the tinder box where *public* upheavals are started. Not in official statements but in daily living can one see the true German problem spread out before him. The German father tends to be tyrannical. Germany is a man's world, with little place for equality in love and still less for equality in its fulfilment. Often love culminates either in vulgar lewdness or in poetic sublimation. The passionate comradeship of the *Bund* is Germany's most notable contribution to the domain of love. In the closed world of the S.S. troops, the accepted relationship with females was achieved by the institution of the human stud-farms.

Today Germany is a nation cut in two by a frontier running from the Baltic Sea to the hills of Bohemia. Part of it is marked by the Wall, Europe's best-known symbol of disunity. Berlin, the capital, is also split—a city that agitates rather than creates. A capital cannot exist without a country. Berlin is in effect kept alive by policy. Like so many things German, the city seems poised on the brink of a chasm.

Something dark and desperate hangs over the city and nation, controlling its society and politics. There is no shortage of efficiency, intelligence, or diligence; yet Germans are efficient in an inefficient manner. One only has to present them with such a simple problem as a lost key or a leaking faucet to discover it. If new or unusual factors are introduced, chaos moves in. Bureaucracy is not merely a factor in Germany; it is a way of life.

Small episodes are inflated into tragedies; anything can lead literally to anything. "The Germans are a haunted people," Professor McCormick reports, "haunted by the recent past, by guilt, and by fear of the future both immediate and remote. Try as one might to like the country, one comes away with the conviction that Germany is unhealthy and that Germans still suffer from an obscure disease." Could it be the disease that claimed Doctor Faustus?

A major crisis plagues the understaffed German institutions of higher learning. Some German professors have been bold enough to say so. To quote Professor Helmut Coing of Frankfurt: "We find ourselves in an emergency situation that presents a vital threat. It can only be overcome by extraordinary efforts, and it must be overcome within

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a relatively short time . . . if we are not to stay forever behind the pace of international developments."

Efforts have been made to correct matters; but anyone who visits German universities knows how bad conditions remain. Students have to stand in line to get into lecture rooms. Libraries, inadequate to begin with, are hopelessly overtaxed. Courses are frequently narrow, pedantic, and irrelevant. They have somehow to fight their way through thirty years of undergrowth—with inadequate instruments. The steel mills are wonderfully equipped—but not the universities.

This fact is not generally discussed by those who praise the "new reformed Germany." But occasionally an episode occurs that so besmirches this "new image" that all the Western world is shocked. A case in point is the *Der Spiegel* affair. Last fall the newsmagazine's offices were raided. Six journalists were arrested for treason—including deputy editor Conrad Ahlers, who was in Spain. What bothered many people as much as the Gestapo-like action was Chancellor Adenauer's rejection of inquiries and complaints about the police. "One should assume that the responsible judges act in the best of knowledge and conscience," he said. One can never assume too much if a government of laws becomes a government of men.

"Politics," West German President Heinrich Luebke told a press conference, "sometimes takes forms not suited to refute prejudices against democracy. . . . Once again democracy is often being slandered and despised here." As an ex-inmate of Nazi prisons, President Luebke must have made the statement with a sad heart. In making a strong plea for "fairness" in politics, he used the English word—because there is none in German to express the idea.

The *Der Spiegel* affair exposed basic German dilemmas. Munich's *Suedeutscher Zeitung* checked citizen reaction to the controversy. Most people ducked the issue entirely, or gave such answers as this: "Why should I invite trouble with the police, just before Christmas?" "I've had trouble all my life. I'm not asking for more." The paper's editor concluded that "confidence in the right of free expression of opinion is definitely on the small side."

In following the story of *Der Spiegel* in the American press, one could sense both a sharp change in attitude and an alarm over the story behind this story. Under the headline "The Issue Is the Rule of Law," *Time* (November 16, 1962) reported that "Even Adenauer's firmest friends were alarmed to hear this staunch old democrat voice the essentially totalitarian philosophy that the end justifies the means," and condemned the government's "needlessly heavy-handed manner." Columnist Marquis Childs spoke of "a master intriguer," Defense Minister Franz Joseph Strauss, who admitted that his ministry had phoned the German military attaché in Spain to bring about the arrest and extradition of a German journalist. "Despite his occasional denials for the record," wrote Childs, "the suspicion is strong that Strauss is determined to get nuclear weapons for the German forces." The thought of a revived Luftwaffe armed with nuclear bombs is not one that can bring much solace to Russia, or any European country, for that matter. After all, T. S. Eliot's famous poetic prediction that the world might end "not with a bang but a whimper" could be just the other way around.

That many Germans protested the government's action is an encouraging sign. Many young people *are* trying to find a new course for themselves and their Fatherland. They seem burdened with the father-son conflict so brilliantly analyzed by Franz Kafka. In *Das Urteil* one of Kafka's heroes drowns himself at his father's bidding. The symbolic projection of such stories is an ominous exercise. Isolation and frustration are constant companions of youth growing up in a long-devastated and divided land.

Goethe wrote that analyzing Germany is a thankless and hopeless task. Like people on bicycles, the Germans seem to have heads respectfully bowed while their feet relentlessly push. Just where are they headed? The answer depends not only on Germany but also on America. Our intentions, good as well as evil, are interwined with theirs. In a world always ambiguous and sometimes absurd, we must make possibilities the function of actuality, without considering actuality the only possibility. We must have the courage not only to maintain but, if and when necessary, to change direction and policy. Franz Kafka's words illuminate the problem: "If we were on the right road, having to leave it would mean endless despair. But we are on a road that only leads to a second one, and then to a third, and so forth. The real highway will not be sighted for a long time—perhaps never. The accomplishment of hopes remains an always unexpected miracle; but in compensation, the miracle remains forever possible."

—Henley, Monkmeyer.

Scene in Black Forest — Peasant girl cares for pet fawn.

—Wide World.

Synagogue in Cologne—Swastikas and inscription "Juden Raus" ("Jews Get Out") were painted on the walls of this synagogue in 1959.

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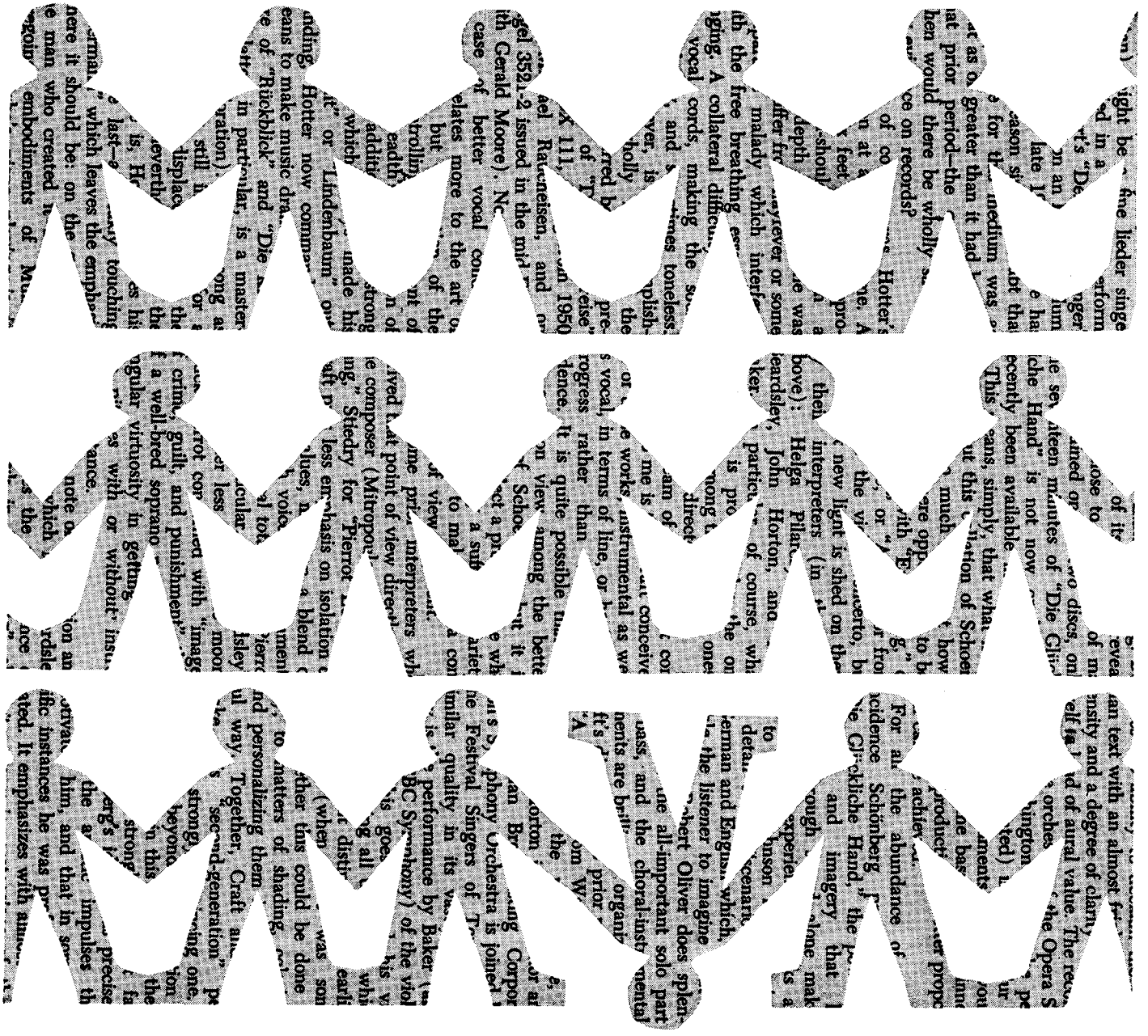

[HOW WE DISCOURAGE CREATIVE CHILDREN]

Most children start life with valuable potential, and most of them have it knocked out of them by the time they reach fourth grade.

You can read about it in the current issue of Redbook Magazine, in an article called *How We Discourage Creative Children*. Not *high IQ* children, but *creative*. The difference? "Suppose," to quote Dr. E. Paul Torrance in Redbook, "the problem was to improve oil lamps. The IQ mentality would apply all the known facts about oil lamps to build a better model. The creative mentality would invent the electric light." Creative children are difficult to handle, often nuisances to busy parent or teacher. Their constant questions, experimenting and exploring can make them trying. But constant rebuffing can destroy their creative tendencies.

Redbook carries a great deal of material about children. A Young Adult, new-family readership makes this inevitable. A thoughtful, better educated readership makes it inevitable that much of this material is different from the usual "how to" articles. More purposeful. More universal. This respect for the literacy of its Young Adult readers has made Redbook circulation grow faster than that of most magazines. And advertising linage grows apace, climbing at a rate rarely exceeded by others.

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REDBOOK

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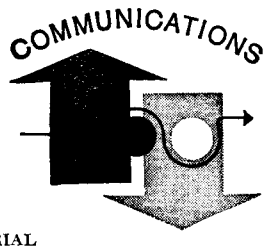
COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



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A Dangerous Decision at a Desperate Time

AFTER a seven-year legal battle, the Associated Press, United Press International, and the American Newspaper Publishers Association have apparently lost their campaign to prevent the Federal Communications Commission from sharply increasing the rates charged to the press and other commercial users of leased telegraph and telephoto services. This quiet battle has been going on since 1956; a final decision was handed down by the FCC on January 28, 1963, in a private line telegraph rate case involving AT&T and Western Union. Although the final decision contained some slight modifications of the July 6, 1961, decision to which all news media had violently objected, the rate rises still impose enormous increases on the press wire services and individual newspapers, adding costs which seem to us unnecessarily rough at this hectic moment in print journalism.

The ANPA, through its Press Communications Committee, and the AP and UPI do not intend to let stand the "final" decision by the FCC. Indeed, they are now analyzing the FCC proposals; petitions were filed this week for formal reconsideration. In its "final" decision of January, the FCC said it would consider any evidence indicating that the increased rates "would significantly impair widespread dissemination of news information." It is along these lines that the ANPA, AP, UPI, and other journalistic users of leased lines will petition further. Hardest hit of all are the special news services which supply news and features over and above the AP and UPI file—the *Chicago Daily News*, Copley, Gannett, and similar news services.

Referring to the large cost increases to newspapers and news services, the FCC stated: "In this decision the Commission recognizes the claims of the press that some users of private line telegraph services will incur sharp increases in their billings for these services. . . . If there were reliable, probative, and substantial evidence of record or if our attention were directed to material facts . . . upon which we could rest a finding that these rates would significantly impair the widespread dissemination of news information, then the Commission would want to consider whether steps should be taken which would prevent that result."

With a few modifications, the recent FCC ruling simply made final the Commission's interim decision in its investigation of leased line rates. AT&T estimates that the new rates would increase costs to the press by 19 per cent, but to commercial customers by only 2 per cent, and would actually *decrease* costs to government users by 8 per cent. The final prescribed rates, scheduled to go into effect May 1, would in some cases increase press costs by more than 150 per cent to individual users. Coming on top of greatly increased postal rates, there is definite hardship here.

Precisely why the FCC should have the final say over leased telegraph and telephoto lines used by the print media has never been in any way clear to us. The FCC understands, or is supposed to understand, the workings of the electronic news media, which logically fall under its jurisdiction through the right of federal license. But if, as the new ruling seems to

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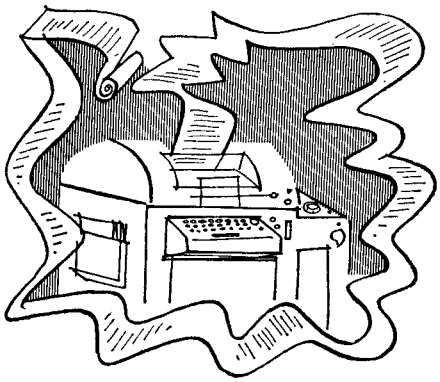
say, rate costs to government users will be cut by 8 per cent, whereas costs to the privately owned press will simultaneously rise by 19 per cent, the whole proceeding appears to us to be simply one more nail in the coffin of the free independent newspaper and those wire and feature services without which it cannot exist.

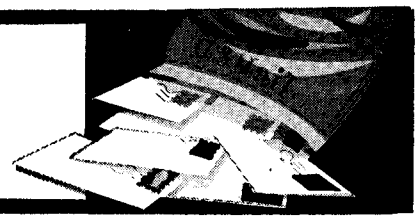
In our opinion, the FCC simply isn't competent to make judgments in a print media field. Why shouldn't the Interstate Commerce Commission or some other administrative department of the federal government prescribe leased wire rates for the press? The ICC has had about as much experience in the violent headache of operating a newspaper as has the FCC. Since leased telegraph lines are, for the most part, a monopoly and since the press services will, in most instances, be forced to buy twenty-four-hour service from this



monopoly (though in most cases they require the use of the leased wires less than half that time) a rate jump of 19 per cent seems to us unusual, to say the least, and just plain wrong.

Why should the federal government get preferred status, in this case or in any other involving communications rates in a democracy? Is propaganda more valuable than news? Federal rulings should give a maximum break to the press at all times, following the same logic as the first-class mailing privilege at second-class rates. Circumstances require that print media, particularly those carrying hard news to the American reader, pay out as little as possible for the distribution of their product. A good case can be made for the low-cost postage stamp in a democracy, on grounds that a fully informed electorate is the greatest guarantor of freedom. When the federal government cuts its own leased wire rates by 8 per cent while at the same time increasing wire rates for news by 19 per cent, a second look and a good hard one seems to be in order, by the White House, the Congress, and the American people. —R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor



ARBITRATION OF STRIKES

YOUR OTHERWISE FORCEFUL and convincing argument for compulsory arbitration [*SR*, Feb. 9] was weakened, I thought, by being restricted to communications strikes. The phrase "compulsory arbitration" is a polarized term. In the same week in which your editorial appeared, *Time* said that the only thing labor and capital agree on is dislike of compulsory arbitration.

The plain fact is, however, that "compulsory arbitration" is an exact description of the way we adjudicate all issues except union vs. management issues. We compulsorily arbitrate disputes between husbands and wives, landlords and tenants, principals and agents, and all the rest of it. We resort to compulsory arbitration in both criminal and civil courts, in both tort and contract law, in both civil and military jurisprudence. When negotiation fails, compulsory arbitration is the only alternative to war (or other form of violence and test by muscle) society has ever known. It is what management and labor must inevitably come to, as soon as both sides substitute intelligence for stupidity and honesty for hypocrisy.

DIGBY BUTLER WHITMAN.

Wausau, Wis.

WHEN NORMAL labor-management relations break down, resulting in strike action, we have in fact arrived at a form of compulsory arbitration. Either labor or management is using its economic power to compel a solution of the dispute between the parties. In this day and age we cannot tolerate economic jungle warfare as a means of settling labor-management differences, particularly those that affect broad national interests.

A system of compulsory arbitration should not necessarily limit the right of labor to organize and engage in collective bargaining. Except for certain vital industries affecting the general welfare of the nation, voluntary labor-management contract arrangements could continue, as heretofore, including labor's right to strike. In such areas as communication, transportation, and regulated public utilities a system of compulsory arbitration would be in the public interest.

IRVING B. ALTMAN.

Rye. N.Y.

I AM DEEPLY CONCERNED by your editorial. "Compulsory arbitration" is another way of stating "prohibition of strikes." In a free society workers must have the right to strike; the withdrawal of their labor is their only weapon to fight for economic needs. A totalitarian society, such as the USSR, does not permit a worker to withhold his labor; strikes are prohibited. Thus, by proposing compulsory arbitration, you are favoring an end to labor's freedom.

Your answer, of course, would be in terms of specific areas, namely, in the communications industry. But such a law would establish a precedent and next year our Congressmen would legislate compulsory arbitration in interstate commerce, etc. Thus, slowly we will deserve our freedoms now for the purpose of an informed citizenry and later for the welfare of the population. It is very easy for us to reach decisions in which "the ends justify the means." Let's not choose this easy way out of our problems.

IRENE STRUM.

Yonkers, N.Y.

YOUR EDITORIAL raises the question of whether such a struggle can be confined to the belligerents. I believe that, at least, it could be transformed so that only the belligerents, and not innocent bystanders, are injured. The tactical aim of a strike (or lockout) is to impose economic injury on the opposition (loss of wages, loss of profits) to bring it to terms. Unfortunately, the newspaper stoppage is an indiscriminate means of applying this pressure. It hurts not only the belligerents but everyone else. The publishers and printers could apply the same pressure more discriminatingly (to themselves and no one else) if they put the newspapers back in operation, and each agreed to impose upon itself—until a settlement were negotiated—the same economic loss it now suffers because of the strike. They could, in effect, transform the current "literal" strike into a "figurative" one.

Under such an agreement, until the dispute is settled, the publishers would surrender a portion of their profits, and the printers a portion of their wages, to a fund to be used for charitable or other agreed purposes. The amounts thus forfeited during the figurative strike would be lost as irretrievably as the profits and wages now being lost by the actual strike, and the "belligerents" would be under the same pressures to bargain with each other. But the injury to the public, and the devastating losses suffered by non-striking employees, and by businesses that require newspaper services, would be ended.

IRWIN KARP.

New York, N.Y.

THE THINKING EXHIBITED by Leonard F. Kent, ITU No. 135227, in his letter defending the bogus rule [*SR*, Feb. 9] exemplifies the obstacles blocking a clear analysis and understanding of the economic problems facing the country. He began by asking, "What honest man ever made a fortune?" This question is meaningless without a definition of "honest." One might ask in return, "What honest man ever got elected to a union office?" In the same

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paragraph Mr. Kent associated "excessive profits" with "parasitic fattening on other people's endeavors." These phrases, like "honest man," are emotional and provide useful information.

Mr. Kent then worries about where material is set, "in a place that gives a living wage" or in a union shop. Mr. Kent fails to distinguish between a living wage relative to the standard of living of the particular worker's country and an American living wage. Wages in Japan, Formosa, or Hong Kong can be below American wages for similar work and still be living for those locales.

However, given these lower wages in some foreign countries, Mr. Kent says we must protect American jobs by installing such items as the bogus rule. If this reasoning were pursued to a logical end and if the low-wage countries reciprocated against high-wage countries for imposing trade obstructions, we might see the following situations: Foreign oil imported into Europe and the United States would first be pumped into the ground and then pumped out again to protect the jobs of oil field personnel; European automobiles shipped to the United States would be disassembled on the docks and reassembled to protect the jobs of auto workers; American machinery sent to Europe and Japan would be correspondingly disassembled and reassembled by workers overseas for the same reasons, etc.

If labor is tied up in nonproductive work, like resetting type, or if it is being used in jobs where efficient labor is available as a substitute, then our productive capacity does not realize its full potential and our standard of living suffers accordingly.

Our problems center around finding ways to utilize more efficiently the labor resources that we have now and will have in the future with more automation and expanding population.

The bogus rule may keep ITU workers employed; its underlying philosophy, on the other hand, is only a hindrance to the illumination of our real economic problems.

Donald P. Katz,
Harvard University
Graduate School of
Business Administration.

Cambridge, Mass.

The Communications Editor's "Let's Arbitrate Communications Strikes" is enormously paradoxical and ill-advised. News by government edict? A free press through police force? The prolonged newspaper strike in New York is dangerous as well as execrable, but it is precisely freedom-inhibiting laws which allowed it to happen, laws which permit 92 per cent (or 51 per cent) of a group to deny the remaining 8 per cent (or 49 per cent) their inalienable right to earn their living. Mr. Tobin rightly states that ". . . democracy depends to an unbelievable degree upon a truly informed citizenry." Is his reasoning, then, that because this area of the *free* press is so all-important, it is there where a framework of non-freedom should be instituted? Make no mistake: the freedom to bargain and the freedom to report are indivisible. Mr. Tobin's "public" can only be the sum of all its individuals, and those individuals either possess inalienable rights, or they do not. He says, "A large city and a desert have a great deal in common." The two also have much more that is uncommon; it would be well for all of us to analyze what ideas and laws make for a wasteland of sand and which create a superb metropolis.

"There are no substitutes [for a functioning free press]," Mr. Tobin tells us. True. But there does exist one alternative to it: government control. The core error in Mr. Tobin's thinking is revealed when he likens "the right to strike" with "the right to scream 'Fire!' in a crowded theatre." There is a crucial and categorical difference between the two, between the inalienable right to strike for higher wages and the sham "right" to force the abrogation of others' rights and lives. I respectfully suggest that any individual who overlooks this difference, overlooks the meaning of America.

Paul G. Neimark,
Editor-in-Chief,
The Men's Digest.

Chicago, Ill.

Editor's note: *President Kennedy and Secretary of Labor Wirtz, among others, have publicly supported SR's editorial on arbitration in the communications field. We have yet to hear of a better way of solving an unbearable situation.*

"TIMELY AND MUCH-NEEDED"

Lester Markel's article "The 'Management' of News" [*SR*, Feb. 9] seems to me to be remarkably timely and much-needed. Let us hope that it will be widely read and quoted.

Mrs. Robert E. Goodwin.

Dedham, Mass.

Lester Markel eloquently answered newspaper editors who charged that the Kennedy Administration managed or censored, or both, news during the Cuban crisis. He pointed out that the press must ask itself if the news is in the national interest before publication. I had hoped Mr. Markel would take the press to task for its own voluntary suppression of legitimate news and ask these same editors to sweep around their own doors before criticizing the government. In this section of the country it is hard to find an adequate account of any of Kennedy's press conferences. News reports on this are scant hereabouts. Many, many times when there is to be an important address by a national or international personage, papers will not state the *hour* of the speech. (Could it be because you might want to hear it on radio or TV before you read it in the paper?) You have to call the local radio stations.

Legitimate news about scandals involving other newspapers is definitely suppressed by papers. Need this be cited, chapter and verse? Take the current probe into foundations, one of which owns a chain of newspapers which include local papers. Thus far no paper has identified the local papers with the foundation, Public Welfare Foundation, Inc. of Washington, D.C., which has violated the law by failure to report 10 per cent or more stock. On January 18, 1961, the District Director

(*Continued on page* 64)

"What I want to know is, when the century of the common man is going to be over!"

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THE PULITZER IDEA: FIFTY YEARS OLD

By JOHN TEBBEL

AMONG Joseph Pulitzer's many ideas about the newspaper business, good and bad, few have survived the transition from the era of personal journalism, which he represented, to the day of the newspaper as a business institution, in which we now live. One idea, however, has not only survived but has more than fulfilled the expectations that Pulitzer, a man disappointed by life, had for it. It is the Graduate School of Journalism at Columbia University, popularly if erroneously known as the Pulitzer School, which celebrates its fiftieth anniversary this spring with appropriate ceremonies on April 15, 17, and 22.

Columbia's is not the oldest journalism program in the country—a half-dozen are older—but it may well be the best. If it is, the reason must be the faithfulness with which Pulitzer's original intent, first set down in a confidential "rough memorandum" in August 1902, has been carried out. "My idea," wrote the publisher of the *World*, "is to recognize that journalism is or ought to be, one of the great and intellectual professions; to encourage, elevate and educate in a practical way the present and, still more, future members of that profession, exactly as if it were the profession of law or medicine. . . . To differentiate between journalism as an intellectual profession and as a business must be a fundamental object."

At first Columbia welcomed this idea but not its mechanism. The differences of opinion between Pulitzer and President Nicholas Murray Butler were so wide that the project had to wait, at the publisher's own suggestion, until after his death in 1911. But a year later the school was in operation, and for a half-century it has been devoted to realizing the founder's dream, preserving his idealism in a period when newspapering has often seemed far more business than profession.

The school has had only four directors, or deans, in its history. Talcott Williams, editor of the Philadelphia *Press*, became its first director, succeeded in 1920 by a Shakespearean scholar, John W. Cunliffe. When the school was elevated to graduate status in 1931, Carl W. Ackerman, a distinguished foreign correspondent and public relations expert, became its first dean. After his retirement seven years ago, Edward W. Barrett, former Assistant Secretary of State, *Newsweek* editor, and Hill & Knowlton vice-president, succeeded him.

These four men have been responsible for the professional training of nearly 2,800 graduates, including some of the most noteworthy names in the communications industry; George Sokolsky, Merryle Rukeyser, Howard Dietz, Morris Ryskind, and M. Lincoln Schuster were among the products of a single year, the famous class of '17. Since then its graduates have come to constitute a Who's Who of the newspaper, book publishing, magazine, and radio and television businesses. No less than four of the top editorial executives of the *New York Times* are products of the school. Its graduates numbered, at last count, 65 newspaper publishers; 67 newspaper editors; 110 executive, managing, or associate editors; 101 foreign correspondents; 46 magazine editors; ten Pulitzer Prize-winners; several hundred outstanding newsmen—and twenty heads of journalism schools.

Faculty names have been no less distinguished, from the early days of Robert E. MacAlarney, Charles A. Beard, and Charles Cooper, to the later graduate years when leading editors, executives, and writers from the New York newspapers have joined with scholars like the late Douglas Southall Freeman and visiting firemen like Alexander Woollcott and Marquis W. Childs to give the faculty a distinction almost impossible to achieve outside New York City. The school has also played host to public figures who have given press conferences for the students. This list includes notables from Harry S. Truman to Barry Goldwater, from Dean Acheson to Fidel Castro.

CRITICS of journalism education often have no idea what occurs inside a school of journalism. They would have to be even more obtuse than they appear if they were not impressed by the quality and variety of activities going on inside the big lopsided rectangle at the corner of Broadway and 116th Street.

Basic in the curriculum is the operation of the newsroom, where the class (seventy-eight this year, a figure more or less constant) covers the news of the day, processes it through two copy desks, along with complete wire service coverage, and prints it in a laboratory paper. All this is under the direct supervision of top-drawer working newspapermen. Such experience is roughly equivalent to a year's internship as a general assignment reporter on a New York newspaper.

Apart from the basic work, Columbia's students study photographic journalism, the managerial aspects of editing and publishing, the law of journalism, basic issues in the news, radio and television, and participate in workshops in areas of their special interest.

These and related courses in the curriculum are, of course, part of the program in Class A schools of journalism elsewhere. What sets Columbia apart from most of the others is its excellence, its high professional standards, and the scope of its work beyor the basic curriculum, which has made the school a world center and has perhaps done more than anything else to realize Pulitzer's ideal of journalism as a true profession.

THE first broadening of the base came in 1946 with the establishment of the American Press Institute. founded by the school and now a self-supporting guest, to which working newspaper people come for short seminars every year to discuss their mutual problems and discover ways to make better newspapers. More than 3,000 have come to these seminars, representing 640 American newspapers. There have been fourteen international seminars for 208 journalists outside the continent. These editorial writers, city editors, telegraph editors, managing editors, advertising executives, reporters, and others who come to the Institute for the nine seminars it gives annually make it a permanent, working center for studying the business.

As another adjunct to its program, the school's new *Columbia Journalism Review*, a quarterly magazine, provides the only critical professional survey communications extant. Its curren issue, for example, tells how one Ohio town broke a newspaper monopoly situation, and provides an analysis of the California campaign reporting

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which so wounded Richard M. Nixon. Articles like these, combined with the magazine's barbed "Passing Comment" column, give the communications industry a continuing long, hard look at itself which it badly needs.

The school not only provides news media with a supply of exceptionally qualified people who may be able to raise the standards of American journalism, but it makes an approach to this problem through its administration of the Pulitzer and Cabot Prizes and by means of its programs of advanced study. Currently it has eight fellowship students, working newspaper people on leave, who are studying science writing and reporting, and another eight in an international reporting seminar. These programs are for mature, accomplished journalists who want to come back to school and learn how to do their increasingly complicated jobs better.

Within the curriculum structure there are also special programs to develop qualified education writers and editors, a special sequence of economics studies and training for economic reporting, and a limited number of fellowships in foreign affairs reporting, distinct from the advanced seminar. Through its international program, the school also reaches out to accommodate foreign students, who are given a special curculum which combines the basic program with special studies of the American society, and grants to those qualified a Master of Science degree in comparative journalism. (The school's degree granted to other students is the standard M.S.) Recently, too, there was added an experimental Opinion Reporting Workshop, which not only teaches the techniques in this field but is making a concentrated study of other developments in communications research and experimentation.

TO its advanced programs the school hopes to add, when funds are available, a seminar in media management, operated in conjunction with the School of Business, which may well throw some light on how to solve the critical cost problem confronting newspaper managements these days. The faculty is also exploring the feasibility of a two-year program of study in public communications, an effort to bring some understanding and organization to the vast complex of media and methods which inundate the public with words and pictures, influencing it to a degree never attained by any civilization.

Another plan in the school's future is for a continuing workshop which would draw experts from the media to study and experiment with other means of improving communications.

Still another plan is the establishment of a National Journalism Library, to bring together under one roof an unequaled collection of the literature of journalism and make it available to students, scholars, and others.

These present programs and future anticipations fit together at Columbia as a master plan whose purpose is embodied in Pulitzer's original idea for the school. It is at once a plan for turning out better trained-personnel who will be the real professionals the founder envisaged, and for performing the experimentation and research that will enable men and women in the communications media to solve "the central problem," as Dean Barrett has said, "of how to get important news off the printed page or the television screen and into the citizen's mind."

ALL-STAR CLASS—The celebrated class of 1917 at Columbia's Graduate School of Journalism, shown here sitting for a portrait in its student days included a bumper crop of men who were later to distinguish themselves in journalism and other fields. They are, from left: first row—George Sokolsky, columnist, King Features Syndicate; Merryle Rukeyser, financial columnist, Hearst Newspapers; M. Lincoln Schuster, president, Simon & Schuster; James W. Danahey, executive vice president, West Side Chamber of Commerce, New York City; second row—James Marshall, former president, New York City Board of Education, lawyer and author; Elliott Sanger, executive vice president and general manager, WQXR, the *New York Times* radio station; Howard Dietz, vice President, Loew's, Inc., and author of twenty plays and movies; Frank Scully, author and Hollywood columnist for *Variety*; Silas Seadler, advertising director, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; (unidentified); George A. Hough, Jr., editor and publisher, Falmouth (Mass.) *Enterprise*; Joseph Riseley, public relations consultant; Louis Mann, publisher, Cobleskill (N.Y.) *Times-Index*; George Roberts, vice-president, First National City Bank of New York; third row—Tom Black, no other identification available; Alan Temple, vice chairman, First National City Bank of New York, and a trustee of Columbia University; (unidentified); Donald Stern, securities analyst; Fredric Pitts, editor, *The Bulletin of the American Society of Newspaper Editors*; fourth row—Morrie Ryskind, film writer and playwright, lyricist for the Pulitzer Prize-winning play of 1932, "Of Thee I Sing"; Fenton Johnson, no other identification available; Palmer Smith, science writer, U.S. Department of Agriculture; (unidentified); Leon Wickersham, staff of the Wilmington (Del.) *Evening Journal*; Benjamin Heyman, president, Connecticut Land & Mortgage Co.; Clarence Lovejoy, boating editor, *New York Times*, and director of Lovejoy's College Counseling Service; Ralph B. Smith, vice president and editorial director of the publications division, McGraw-Hill Publishing Co.

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Prison journalists at work—In an editorial conference at the U.S. Penitentiary in Atlanta are, from left, *Atlantian* staff members John D. Howard, associate editor; Jefferson Dunn, editorial assistant; Paul D. Clark, editor; and Hank Vissman, fiction editor.

JOURNALISTS BEHIND BARS

By JAMES F. FIXX

IN AN editorial office in Atlanta, Georgia, staff members of *The Atlantian* magazine gathered one morning not long ago to talk over with editor Paul D. Clark their plans for the next issue. At the meeting were writers, editors, artists, and photographers. Ideas for stories and illustrations were proposed and discussed, and soon each man had his assignment. Finally, with the deadline that much closer, the session hurriedly broke up and the journalists started to work.

This scene, enacted periodically wherever men make their living by the printed word, would be nothing unusual were it not for one fact: *The Atlantian* is published inside the walls of a federal penitentiary and its staff members are all convicted prisoners.

The prison press, of which *The Atlantian* is a distinguished part, is one of the most obscure and misunderstood backwaters of American journalism. Read mainly by prisoners, their families, and a handful of other people who for one reason or another take an interest in penology, this corner of the fourth estate is largely unknown to the very audience it is most anxious to reach —the ordinary person with a reasonable concern for the problems of his society. But despite this neglect, the best of the prison journals are among the liveliest, wittiest, and energetically Menckenesque publications that ever fractured a stereotype. Ranging from slickly professional quarterlies to mimeographed newsletters, the penal press serves as hometown paper, sounding board, and resident philosopher to a captive audience of some 220,000 men and women in state and federal institutions. Equally important, it seeks to be a bridge between the outside world and what one prison columnist wryly calls his Walled-Off Astoria. "These publications are ineffectual if they are insular," says Pedro F. Crooms, editor of the Maryland Penitentiary's *Courier*. "If they are to be written *for* inmates they must be written *to* the public—but before the public will take the trouble to read them, there must be something inside."

More often than not, there is indeed something inside, despite a thicket of obstacles that would drive most journalists to a career of beachcombing. Plagued by inadequate printing equipment, a perennial shortage of editorial talent, and the constant and not always notably enlightened blue pencil of the censor, prison editors and their staffs nonetheless manage to produce magazines and newspapers that are distinguished by a vitality that would do any publisher proud. Says Walter J. Faherty, editor of the Massachusetts Correctional Institution's *Mentor*: "Editing a penal publication is a delicate undertaking . . . if it is to serve any purpose beyond that of a provincial diary."

AND the best prison publications are considerably more than provinci diaries. With an enlightened administration and some measure of editorial talent, they can be strikingly successful at getting a wide range of news and interpretation both to inmates and to

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such outside readers as they may have. There is, of course, a great deal of purely local news—sports ("With the graceful movements that he possesses while swinging a mop, Willie 'Reno' Wright-19167 threw the softball 275 ft. 2 in. to win first place . . ."), prison regulations ("Institutional policy does not permit *Cavalier* magazine to enter the reformatory . . ."), humor ("Only 33 more shoplifting days 'til Christmas"), and the comings and goings of inmates ("John 'The Friendly Greek' Pelham, 'Mayor of the Lower Yard,' is gone. . . . He will be missed by all"). There is also a steady emphasis on prison policies and conditions—some of it startlingly outspoken. In a recent editorial, for example, Lawrence Snow, editor of the Kentucky State Penitentiary's *Castle on the Cumberland*, addressed himself to his outside readers with an explosive question:

> . . . Most of us—some authorities say as many as 80 per cent of us—will steal and kill and rape again. Why? What's wrong with prison and parole officers that makes them dump so many unrepentant hoods, yeggs, and thugs back into your laps? The truth is, of course, that they have little choice. In spite of a wealth of good intentions and new knowledge on the part of criminologists, penal institutions are still not equipped to cope with the individual offender. They cannot be until a large enough segment of the voting and taxpaying public decides they must be. . . . In our more realistic moments most of us know that accepting responsibility for failure is the first and most important step in any real change for the better. But it is not incompatible with the acceptance of blame to ask for a hand on the way up. Largely because of public misinformation and misunderstanding about penal matters, that hand is either too often not available or it is actually exerting a downward push. . . .

But routine local coverage and aggressive, articulate editorials are not the only stock in trade of the prison press. Some prison newspapers and magazines regularly undertake projects so ambitious that they would tax the facilities of many a private publication. Not long ago, for example, editor Robert L. Bauman of the Iowa State Penitentiary's *Presidio* surveyed Civil Service and other employment opportunities for those with criminal records. Bauman's findings, based on replies from thirty-three states, were published in a four-part series that gave all the pertinent facts from types of jobs available to pay scales. And at the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas, the staff of *The New Era* undertook the prodigious task of questioning 700 inmates who admitted to juvenile delinquency records, asking them what factors they thought had contributed most to their delinquency. The result, as creditable a piece of journalism as an editor could ask for, turned up a wealth of statistical data, dissolved more than one myth, and made informative reading for anyone interested in the interplay of character and environment.

AMONG the most omnivorous readers of the prison press are the editors themselves, who each publication day mail out a flock of their journals in exchange for those of other institutions. In this way a lively cross-fertilization is created, and a first-rate article is likely to work its way, with due credit, into dozens of publications all over the country. Schooled in this journalistic barnstorming, the alert prison editor quickly becomes a sort of expert-in-residence and can easily tick off the relative merits of the scores of prison publications all the way from Raiford, Florida, to Represa, California. One publication, the Maryland Penitentiary's *Courier*, even sends out periodically a rating sheet under the aegis of exchange editor George Parker, with bouquets of stars to indicate who's ahead in the competitive game of intramural journalism.

Out of this barrage of self-criticism one fact emerges clearly: The best-edited penal publication, in the eyes of prison journalists themselves, is *The Atlantian*, a glossy-paper quarterly that has a way with its meager $5,000 operating budget that would make any outside publisher look like a wastrel. Filled with photographs and drawings and lavishly laced with color, it covers an impressive range of ideas and activities inside and outside the penitentiary walls. The current golden anniversary issue, for example, includes in its fifty-six pages a long retrospective look at the institution from its founding to the present, results of an annual writing contest started at the penitentiary in 1947 by Margaret ("Gone With the Wind") Mitchell, short stories, verse, an essay on crime prevention, and page after page of inmates' pictures as they do everything from participating in Alcoholics Anonymous to stepping into a forehand on the tennis court. Says one rival, managing editor William R. Larkins of the Indiana State Prison's *Lake Shore Outlook*: "It is a slick, professional job that rivals many outside publications. It is evident that it comes out of a modern plant and the printing is superb. But besides the printing, the contents of each issue put it at the top of the list."

In the issue just out, writer Jefferson Dunn explains the editorial policy that keeps *The Atlantian* in first place: "Al-

(*Continued on page* 62)

Best of the Prison Press

PRISON EDITORS from coast to coast were polled in connection with the accompanying article and asked to rank the various journals of the prison press* in order of over-all quality. The results:

1. The Atlantian, United States Penitentiary, Atlanta, Ga.
2. The Presidio, Iowa State Penitentiary, Fort Madison, Iowa
3. The New Era, United States Penitentiary, Leavenworth, Kan.
4. The Mentor, Massachusetts Correctional Institution, South Walpole, Mass.
5. Lake Shore Outlook, Indiana State Prison, Michigan City, Ind.
6. The Raiford Record, Florida State Prison, Raiford, Fla.
7. The Menard Time, Illinois State Penitentiary, Menard, Ill.
8. The Spectator, South Michigan Prison, Jackson, Mich.
9. The Pendleton Reflector, Indiana Reformatory, Pendleton, Ind.
10. The Enchanted News, Penitentiary of New Mexico, Santa Fe, N. M.

Honorable Mention:

The Courier, Maryland Penitentiary, Baltimore, Md.
The Folsom Observer, Folsom State Prison, Represa, Calif.
The Harbinger, Kansas State Industrial Reformatory, Hutchinson, Kan.

**Subscriptions to most are available, at a modest rate, upon inquiry to the editor of the publication in question.*

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AN UNTOLD STORY OF THE CUBAN CRISIS

By HENRY BRANDON, *Washington correspondent of the Sunday Times of London.*

ONE of the darkest moments among many dark moments during the Cuban missile crisis has never been fully reported, nor has the President's surprising reaction—but there are other reasons why that incident offers a unique lesson in history.

It happened on the most crucial day of the crisis, October 27. Throughout the week of October, beginning with President Kennedy's address to the nation on October 22, the United States had been trying by direct and indirect means, through overt and not quite covert military alert moves and intricate psychological warfare hints, to convince the Soviet Union that unless it removed those offensive missiles from Cuba voluntarily, the United States would have to use force and destroy them on the spot. Nothing had happened so far to indicate that the crisis could be resolved by peaceful means. On the contrary, it seemed inexorably approaching a cataclysmic climax. Suddenly, what looked like a first break in the black clouds came on Friday evening, October 26. A cable arrived from Chairman Khrushchev offering the withdrawal of missiles, seemingly in exchange for an American promise not to invade Cuba. The cable came through in takes and the experts dissected and analyzed it all night, trying to determine what weight and importance to attach to it.

By Saturday morning a report to the President was ready. The conclusion of the intelligence analysts was that this cable looked like the first break in the gathering storm, that Khrushchev was perhaps trying to say more than met the eye in reading the cable; that he was angling for a face-saving. There was, of course, always the possibility that the hook was baited with something not yet obvious, and so a warning was attached to the intelligence interpretation, but everyone's hopes were up. The President studied the cable and its analysis Saturday morning, and a little later the famous Committee of the 15, the Executive Committee of the National Security Council, which throughout that crisis acted like a war cabinet, discussed the framing of the President's reply.

Following the basic recommendation of the intelligence assessment, there was good reason to accept the Khrushchev offer of the withdrawal of the missiles against a pledge that the U.S. would not invade Cuba. A sense of relief that the crisis may have reached a hopeful turning for the first time pervaded the tense gathering. At least, as one of those present summed it up, "it looked like a break in the clouds." Just about then, the tickertape of a statement by the Soviet news agency Tass was brought in; it had been broadcast over Moscow radio and seemed to contradict the previous night's message from Khrushchev. It took an entirely different tack and proposed a withdrawal of the missiles in exchange for the removal of American missiles from Turkey. Which of the two cables represented Mr. Khrushchev's real bargaining position? That was the crucial question now. The ray of sunshine that had brightened the Executive Committee meeting when it began faded quickly, though not entirely yet. What snuffed it out shortly thereafter was a flash that a U-2 photographic plane had been shot down over Cuba. It was a clear demonstration that Soviet antiaircraft defenses had become operational in Cuba, and that the Russians were prepared to use them. The President decided that no immediate retaliatory action was to be taken; but he also ruled that the United States would respond by bombing the Soviet antiaircraft batteries should another plane meet the same fate. It was a good example of the President's belief, which was also reflected in many other decisions, that action and reaction should be slowed down, that enough time should always be allowed in between for the other side to weigh its next move in order not to precipitate "escalation." The American reaction to the first serious casualty of the Cuban crisis, therefore, despite the provocation—at least for the time being—was limited to a warning by the Department of Defense that the next time the United States would retaliate by bombarding the Soviet Samsites and there was no doubt that this decision was firm. Would this be the beginning of escalation into war?

It was now lunchtime and the slight optimism of earlier in the day had vanished. Thick gloom pervaded the White House. Were the Russians really planning to interdict American aerial reconnaissance over Cuba, thus risking American retaliation and war? The prospect of armed action among the Executive Committee members had suddenly become more acute, and so had the possibility that Khrushchev might—if it came to that—"overrespond."

A morbid feeling of inevitability began to take hold of some of the participants in the White House councils. Three more meetings of the Executive Committee, each lasting two hours, were convened that afternoon. At about 2 P.M. Roger Hilsman, director of the State Department's Bureau of Intelligence, brought to the White House two alternative versions for a reply to Khrushchev's cable: one proposing to ignore the Tass statement of that morning (which was dispatched later); one taking it into account. Just then Hilsman's office called the White House. Hilsman, who had not slept for thirty hours and, not surprisingly, felt a little groggy, had to sit down when told that a U-2 plane in the Arctic on an air sampling mission had taken a bearing on the wrong star and through this navigational error was now over Soviet territory. It had taken off from Eielson Air Force Base in Alaska and was to have flown to the North Pole and back. Nobody at a higher level knew about this routine air sampling mission for the Atomic Energy Commission. It had no political connotations and therefore nobody had paid any attention to it or to the possibility that it could lead to the most fearful and far-reaching complications.

AGAIN it was the U-2, that useful plane which had become so notorious, especially in Russian eyes, that was about to get the United States into trouble anew.

The most complicated precautions throughout the crisis had been taken by the President himself to make certain that he was in control of virtually every move, from the number of reconnaissance missions that were being flown over Cuba, to exactly which ship should or should not be intercepted, to what the press should be told. And just

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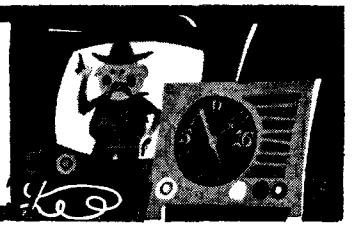
at the moment when he felt that he was in full control and that his carefully coordinated efforts of nuclear muscle-flexing in the nuclear deterrent game showed some first signs of success with Khrushchev, a completely irrational and uncontrolled event occurred that was so routine that no one knew about it. Roger Hilsman, as his colleagues remember, after completing his telephone call, dashed breathlessly into the President's office with most of the Executive Committee members present and broke the embarrassing news. The U-2 operation over the North Pole had nothing to do with the Cuban crisis, and the pilot carried no arms, no photographic equipment. But because of a navigational error on his flight back from the North Pole, he was now heading smack in the direction of Moscow, according to the latest tracking report. The Russian radars had picked him up and Russian fighter aircraft were now in hot pursuit. The pilot, the report went on, was told over the radio in open language and in disregard of all normal scrambling procedures that he was heading in the wrong direction; he was told to turn. American armed fighter aircraft, meanwhile, took off to rescue him but he was still far away. In the end, of course, as we now know, the pilot of the U-2 managed to return to his base without actually being attacked. The Russians probably gave up their pursuit once he had managed to turn his plane around; but earlier, if one put oneself in his shoes, it was not difficult to assume that Mr. Khrushchev could have had some doubts whether this action was completly unconnected with the Cuban crisis.

The President, after he had listened to Roger Hilsman's report, did not lose his temper, nor did he panic about what the Russians might or might not do. Instead, at this blackest point of the crisis, Mr. Kennedy, perhaps because the suspense had become almost too much of a strain, couldn't help breaking into laughter and saying: "There is always somebody who does not get the word. . . ."

It is because of this "somebody" that we live today in such a perilous period. The best brains are addressing themselves to every facet of every problem. They are assessed by the most infallible brains, those electric computers, and every conceivable precaution is taken—yet there may always be the one "who did not get the word."

This is the story behind a short paragraph of apology in a message President Kennedy sent to Chairman Khrushchev that day: "I regret this incident and will see to it that every precaution is taken to prevent reoccurence."

Audio/Video



Listening Without Guilt

IF I were a radio station owner I'd start projecting my "corporate image" as "The Guiltless Medium." The phrase would not necessarily imply that I had a clear conscience about my programs. I would be suggesting merely that my audiences could listen without feeling guilty. For television viewers apparently do have guilt feelings, even though they may enjoy the programs they watch. "The People Look at Television: A Study of Audience Attitudes," by Gary A. Steiner (Knopf, $7.95), reports that many viewers, especially those with better education, often feel they have wasted their time after being lazily entertained by the small screen. Golf, reading, sleep, even liquor, they say, have their productive aspects: somehow television seems to violate the achievement ethic. It demands complete attention: you can't do anything else while watching. Radio, as everyone knows, can be heard with only half an ear, you can do other things while listening: consequently the freedom from guilt—no matter what's on or how long you listen.

Radio has, in fact, been the guiltless medium since about 1954, when TV booted it out of the living room to the bedside, bathroom, car, and kitchen. That was when a Kansas City broadcaster named Todd Storz, looking for a new role for radio in a television world, hit on the current ubiquitous music-and-news format. He made so much money that station owners came from other cities, holed up in Kansas City hotels, listened to the Storz formula, then went home and rejuvenated their languishing properties. Play rock-'n'-roll records, rip and read news nuggets from the press wires, make loud, strident noises, identify your station incessantly, announce the crawling minutes, repeat the same weather forecasts, sell a commercial or a jingle with every tune—and how the money rolls in! The formula led to the decline of the networks and the rise of the independents. It prompted Westinghouse Broadcasting Company, owner of a group of radio stations, to disaffiliate with the networks and set up its own organization of independents. And recently it impelled WBC's president, Donald H. McGannon, to pay $10,000,000 for the purchase of WINS, a New York independent which had built a fast and noisy fortune with the Kansas City style.

I learned more about guiltless radio recently in conversation with Mark Olds, WINS general manager, and Dominic Quinn, program director. It is assumed to be a service to the listener. On awakening in the morning, he immediately tunes in the news and weather. He wants to start the day lively and bright, but he's only listening with that half an ear as the family sets off in different directions—so he gets the records. The tempo is slow-paced, warming up. It doesn't hit stride until pop and the kids are gone and mom is alone with her thoughts and her chores. The service now becomes easy and relaxed for an audience of women eighteen to forty years old. The image of the audience is blue-collar—annual income between $4,000 and $7,500; high school education, perhaps a year of college; living in small communities. The service for adult woman is "the beat," the spinal reiteration of a rhythm which may give structure to lonely experience and perhaps a sense of companionship. In the afternoon, as the teen-agers return from school, the beat is adjusted to suit their tastes. The change in mood also takes into account the men driving home from factories in their cars. "Oldies" are introduced (hit records going back through the years); traffic announcements come in; and there are now sports, hitherto kept from the housewives.

In the early evening the adults may be watching television but the children are doing their homework. They require a sense of belonging to a group beyond the family. An amiable disc jockey, brainwashed to know every subtlety of their tastes, services their psychological need for substantive contact the next morning at school with their peers. They hear and will talk about the "top forty" tunes. As the night wears on, the teen-agers are soon forgotten. There is more news and, from midnight on, some stations turn to all talk, but WINS sticks to a

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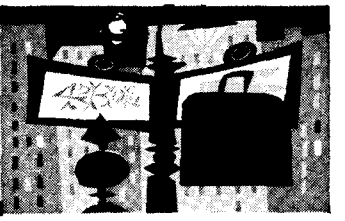
Madison Avenue



Status Seekers in Advertising

By PETER BART

AMONG all the status seekers of the business world, advertising men have become the most ardent.

Prominent agency executives are forever giving speeches about the need to lend "professional status" to their industry. Proposals are periodically set forth to license advertising practitioners and enforce professional codes of conduct (though most ad men privately express the utmost skepticism about their efficacy). And countless other suggestions are advanced to put ad men on the same footing as the banker, lawyer, accountant, and architect.

It is easy to scoff at all this, but the fact remains that admen do indeed have something to worry about. Though ad agencies have been around for nearly a century, admen have never really found their place in the broad spectrum of professional and quasi-professional services. The banker and the lawyer have surrounded themselves with an aura of professionalism, but the admen continue to labor in a work environment that is often nothing short of demeaning.

Nowhere are the adman's status problems more evident than in the relationship between an ad agency and its client. To wit:

When a company retains a firm of lawyers or accountants, the expectation is that the relationship will be an enduring, if not permanent, one. Not so with the ad agency. Indeed, in the agency business a five-year association is considered highly respectable. One company, Hazel Bishop, Inc., has fired four agencies in the past two years alone.

Similarly, once a client has decided to shift his account it is by no means unusual for the company to encourage as many as twenty agencies to make formal solicitations. It would indeed be hard to conceive of a company soliciting presentations from a dozen old-line Wall Street law firms.

But perhaps the most demeaning and nonprofessional demand placed upon agency executives is that of proving their loyalty to the client and to his products. Though it seems to be commonly assumed that accountants or lawyers have the best interests of their clients in mind, the adman is continuously called upon to demonstrate his fealty in an overt manner. And one of the most common "loyalty tests" involves the requirement that agency employees use client products.

Far from resisting these requirements of ultimate loyalty, the presidents of most major agencies all but fall over each other in an effort to prove that their employees are more loyal than those of rival agencies.

At many agencies, therefore, periodic reminders are inserted in employee paychecks. N. W. Ayer & Son frequently reminds employees that it would be prudent to show "loyalty and enthusiasm" to the new models of Valiants and Plymouths—both Ayer clients.

AT Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, cigarette machines once contained only Lucky Strikes—a BBDO client. The machines were known within the agency as "the Russian polling booths." Recently Pall Malls have been added to the machines—a minor concession since they are made by American Tobacco Company, the same company that makes Lucky Strikes.

At another agency, whenever the account team visits a big cigarette client one executive is designated to check each man to ensure that no one has any rival brands in his possession.

One of the bluntest defenses of this sort of practice was made by Leo Burnett, president of the agency bearing his name, who sent a memo to employees stating: "I recognize the unconscious spirit of rebellious independence that exists in all of us." Mr. Burnett went on to warn employees, however, that they had better find outlets for this spirit other than using competitors' products.

"If you smoke cigarettes . . . don't put the competitive package in front of me on the conference table, because it does things to my blood pressure," Mr. Burnett's warning concluded.

In issuing this manifesto, Mr. Burnett failed to explain precisely why his "blood pressure" should necessarily be raised by an employee's simple preference for a different brand. Presumably a man who smokes Pall Malls could nonetheless write a fine Alpine ad, or a man who drives a Volkswagen would not be incapable of trumpeting the virtues of a Chevrolet.

Theoretically, what the ad man ha to sell is his skill, not his soul. And by requiring employees to use only Burnett-advertised brands, Mr. Burnett is in fact giving implicit support to those who derogate advertising as mere hucksterism rather than treating it as an honorable and skilled calling.

What Mr. Burnett's warning shows anew is that advertising men cannot hope to acquire a more professional aura in the business world until they themselves acquire a more professional self-image. The ad man who believes his future depends on whether he smokes his client's cigarettes and buys his client theatre tickets cannot hope to convince the world at large that he is in fact the true professional he would like to be.

EVEN more important, until ad men help create a less demeaning work environment for themselves, there is hardly much hope of upgrading the often deplorable creative standards within the advertising business. In a recent magazine article, Robert Draper, president of Schick, Inc., observed that agencies often kill their best creative ideas in a ludicrous effort to cater t what they imagine to be the whims o the client. Mr. Draper wrote: "It doesn't take them long to figure out what Bob Draper likes; so they start building a new program and someone comes in with a new layout and they say, 'Don't make it brown—he's death on brown; you notice he always wears a blue shirt.' "

Frederic Papert, chairman of a lively young agency called Papert, Koenig, Lois, Inc., observed recently that "The worst advertising is produced by agencies that try to tailor their work to what they think the client wants. If they think the client wants hard-sell, bludgeoning ads, they will produce ads to meet these specifications."

Mr. Papert continued: "All this is bad advertising and bad for advertising. An agency should be something like an architectural firm. Ideally, a client should be able to go to its agency and tell it about its business, and together work out a basic selling idea. The agency should then be free to build the campaign to exploit this idea. No agency should have to crawl on its knees across the executive carpet, ad in hand, hoping that its work will b accepted by the client."

If ad men aspire to professional status, Mr. Papert and other thoughtful industry leaders agree, sooner or later they will have to get around to substituting service for servitude.

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educational television:

help for busy teachers
hope for crowded classrooms

Today, education in America faces a severe challenge. An accelerating world requires new and broader curriculums. An expanding population begs for more teachers, more classrooms.

Many communities have turned to Educational Television as an imaginative way to expand course subjects, to bring more effective teaching techniques into the classrooms without sacrificing personalized instruction.

Because of our long experience in the research and development of telephone, television, and defense communications networks, it was natural that the Bell System was called on to develop facilities for one of the first ETV networks in the country, in Hagerstown, Maryland.

We have since helped pioneer the first state-wide, closed circuit Educational Television system, in South Carolina.

In doing this, we have developed a transmission service that provides several channels of instruction. It is low in cost and makes use of the service and maintenance facilities of local Bell Telephone Companies in communities of any size.

Helping communities like yours find the answer to better learning through Educational Television is just one more way of putting Bell System research and skills to work serving you and your family.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Owned by more than two million Americans

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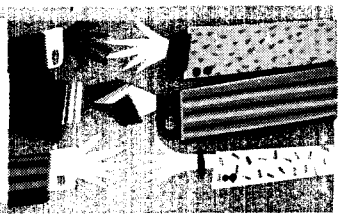
Public Relations



Art—and Public Relations

By L. L. L. GOLDEN

CORPORATIONS today are moving more deeply into the art field. Their interest in art has taken many forms—contributing lobby space for the exhibition of paintings and sculpture, purchasing art for corporate offices, encouraging artists by buying their works for art galleries and museums.

Not many corporations have done this on a large scale, but the few that have find it highly satisfactory. It is likely that as time goes on, and as public interest in art continues to grow, more corporations will find new ways of joining the movement. For when corporations are known as art patrons, they argue, it not only serves artists and art lovers but their corporate reputations as well.

Among the companies that have ventured into art, at least four have made effective contributions. Of these four, only one, the Hallmark Company, is closely related to art in its business. The others, International Business Machines, Container Corporation of America, and S. C. Johnson & Son, makers of floor wax, are a long way from painting and sculpture. The approach of these four companies where art is concerned is as different as the companies themselves.

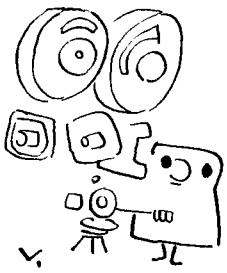
The Container Corporation of America began its fine arts program in 1937, when it used a series of twelve black-and-white advertising designs by the French artist A. M. Cassandre. Today its "Great Ideas of Western Man" series of advertisements is widely and favorably known. An artist is given a specific philosophic statement by a leader of Western thought and asked to interpret it visually. Artists whose works have been commissioned by the Container Corporation include Léger, Willem de Kooning, Henry Moore, René Magritte, Joseph Cornell, and Leonard Baskin. In addition to using the works of artists in its advertisements, Container Corporation has a traveling exhibit of its commissioned works that includes more than seventy paintings and pieces of sculpture.

Container Corporation is frank in stating the purpose of its show. Says the company's president and chief executive officer, Leo H. Schoenhofen: "Exhibits at art museums and on college campuses bring Container Corporation to the attention of talented prospective employees. Such activity helps us stand out among our competitors and performs a valuable community relations function by stirring interest in fine arts in cities where our exhibit is shown." The company values its art collection "in excess of $500,000."

It was roughly at the same time as Container Corporation's art program had its origins that Thomas J. Watson, who built International Business Machines, thought it would be interesting for the company's employees to enjoy something from each of the seventy-nine countries in which IBM was doing business. He decided to buy oil paintings. A jury of art authorities in each of the countries chose the pictures, which were then shown publicly. Today there are seven touring exhibits, and an eighth is in preparation. In all, there are some 500 items, including American prints from Revolutionary times to the present, sculpture, oils, and watercolors from the Western Hemisphere and Great Britain, and a small group of pre-Columbian ceramics.

The titles of the touring exhibits give a pretty good idea of the variety of the IBM collection. They are: "American and British Portraits"; "Eighteen Painters of the Nineteenth Century"; "Twenty Small Paintings by Americans"; "Twenty-four Water Colors of the United States"; "Three Centuries of Printmaking in America"; "Twenty-two Paintings of the Western Hemisphere"; and "Crosscurrents: 25 Americans." In addition, IBM has its own art gallery in New York.

Hallmark is the only one of the four companies that chooses its art through a competition. Five contests have been held by the Hallmark Company and a sixth is now in preparation. Joyce C. Hall, president of the company, said at the time of the first Hallmark Art Award in 1949 that "one effective way to stimulate the best in modern art is to give artists strong incentives, definite objectives, and the largest possible audience." He still feels the same way. The other Hallmark Art Award competitions were held in 1952, 1955, 1957, and 1960.



Giving what Mr. Hall calls "painters of promise" a helping hand has meant that many previously unknown artists have won awards or have had their work bought by the Hallmark Company. In the five contests, the works of 357 artists from twenty-seven nations have received awards.

All the award winners, along with other paintings purchased by Hallmark which did not win prizes, have been widely shown and are still being toured. The cost to the company in prizes and commissions has been just under $250,000. And the wide recognition received has probably been just as important to the artists as the money.

Perhaps the most unusual collection of the four, and the most quickly assembled (within one year), is that of S. C. Johnson & Son. It was designed for showing in this country and abroad and was collected at an approximate cost of $750,000. It includes the work of 102 American artists, all but one of whom are living. The title of the collection, "Art: USA: Now," pretty well describes the content. The exhibit is what the selector, New York art dealer Lee Nordness, calls "a group representing all important facets of contemporary painting."

Currently the show is traveling in Asia, and it will continue abroad for five years in a cooperative effort between the United States Information Agency and the Johnson people. The company pays the expenses of the overseas exhibition and provides the services of a full-time curator.

F. H. Johnson, chairman of the company, describes his interest "as a sort of act of faith in American art and, at the same time, an experiment by a business firm in international relations on a people-to-people level. . . . In making the collection available for international tours, we are trying to display not only good corporate citizenship but also the very real pride we have in our American art and culture."

The collections of these four companies serve a good purpose, are prepared with long-term benefits in mind, and have been gathered with professional help. They are bound to enhance the reputations of the companies.

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THE BAR'S SIDE OF CANON 35

By JOHN H. YAUCH, *of the American Bar Association.*

HERBERT BRUCKER, the distinguished journalist, would have us abolish Judicial Canon 35 on black-and-white terms—rather than on that sifting of facts and issues which leads us up the path in quest of justice.

I was chairman of the Special Committee on Proposed Revision of Judicial Canon 35 of the American Bar Association, which for two years studied whether the Canon should be repealed to permit picture-taking, broadcasting, or televising of court trials.

The issue is not the historic freedom of the press, as Mr. Brucker so eloquently pleaded in his article in the December 8 issue of *SR.*

The issue is the right of the individual to a fair trial—and the required insulation of our judicial processes from extraneous factors of influence.

On February 5, 1963, in New Orleans, the more than 250 members of the House of Delegates of ABA approved, virtually unanimously, our Final Report and Recommendations that the substantive provisions of Judicial Canon 35 be retained. It is up to the highest court in the respective states to adopt or reject it as a guideline for the procedures in their jurisdictions. Colorado and Texas in the past, as Mr. Brucker notes, acted independently of this Canon.

In retaining Judicial Canon 35 the House shared the findings of the United States Judicial Conference presided over by Chief Justice Earl Warren that the ban on photography, broadcasting, and televising in criminal cases be extended to include civil cases. This is Rule 53 of Federal Rules of Criminal Procedure to which Mr. Brucker refers.

A fundamental error appears in Mr. Brucker's case when he contends that ". . . the news camera, and now also radio and TV, are accepted as reporters different in method but equal in stature with the printed word."

It is on this false premise that Mr. Brucker builds his case.

The lens and the "mike" can never be equated with the reporter.

It is the reporter, not his tools, who is the agent of the free press.

Any reporter can go into any courtroom anywhere in the United States—Judicial Canon 35 cannot and does not interfere with this right—and freely report his information in his newspaper, or over his broadcasting or television station.

Mr. Brucker illustrates his case with two pictures taken during his paper's one-day foray into a courtroom. The state's highest court banned further photography, and of this he makes an issue.

But Mr. Brucker fails to emphasize that the Hartford *Courant* had every opportunity, every day, to run a full, unrestricted account of the trial. Presumably it did so.

The free press receives its Constitutional protection not as a business or entertainment medium, but as a "watchdog" of our liberties—of our governmental operations.

The press's "watchdog" role, on which its freedom is based, goes back to 1735 and to Peter Zenger, the printer. Zenger, who spent nine months in a dark cell, was brought into the Royal Court in New York, charged with libel.

Zenger had revealed that Royal officials faked elections and stole 50,000 acres of land from the Indians.

Andrew Hamilton, the most distinguished lawyer in the Colonies, at the age of eighty traveled from Philadelphia to New York to successfully defend Zenger—and his obligation to ferret out and print the truth.

It is because of this watchdog role that the very first article of our Bill of Rights stipulates that Congress shall make no law "abridging the freedom of the press."

The Bill of Rights makes the press the watchdog of the judiciary, as well as of the executive and the legislature.

Sometimes the watchdog function of the free press becomes confusing; the press takes on entertainment and other functions. The press humors us with comics, heals us with medical features, and soothes emotional wounds with lovelorn columns.

At the same time, radio and television have come into being. Unlike the press, their primary role is entertainment.

Just as newspapers provide entertainment, so do some entertainment media carry news.

The difference lies in function and emphasis.

The difference does not require a profound Constitutional analysis. To anyone who has had to depend for his news on radio and television during the long weeks of the newspaper strike in New York City, the difference is self-evident.

I make a sharp distinction between

Judicial Canon 35
American Bar Association

Approved February 5, 1963

IMPROPER PUBLICIZING OF COURT PROCEEDINGS: Proceedings in court should be conducted with fitting dignity and decorum. The taking of photographs in the court room, during sessions of the court or recesses between sessions, and the broadcasting or televising of court proceedings detract from the essential dignity of the proceedings, distract participants and witnesses in giving testimony, and create misconceptions with respect thereto in the mind of the public and should not be permitted.

Provided that this restriction shall not apply to the broadcasting televising, under the supervision of the court, of such portions of natu ization proceedings (other than the interrogation of applicants) a designed and carried out exclusively as a ceremony for the purp publicly demonstrating in an impressive manner the essential and the serious nature of naturalization.

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the right of the reporter of any media to the free flow of information needed to be the watchdog of our judicial processes, and the usurption of this right by the entertainment media of Hollywood and Madison Avenue to subject these judicial processes to exploitation.

Mr. Brucker would have us believe there is a "body of reliable factual data" which supports the lens and the mike in the courtroom.

Mr. Brucker thinks a survey of judges and lawyers in Colorado and Texas, the two states which give their judges the discretion to grant courtroom picture-taking, televising, and broadcasting, would flush out this data.

And such a survey Mr. Brucker would equate with evidence.

I spare Mr. Brucker the indignity of inquiring whether he would base his editorial position on any constitutional issue on the results of a popularity poll. I know he would not. We did not.

A survey could not evaluate the issues involved in the right of a fair trial, nor could it equate the pressures on judges who sit by virtue of election.

Mr. Brucker and his colleagues should also know that nowhere is there any "body of reliable factual data" which would furnish him or us the means of knowing how picture-taking or broadcasting or televising would influence jurors, witnesses (except himself), or other directly related parties in their functions in the judicial process.

Let me now come to the other side of the coin.

In our courts we see unfolded the difficulties man has in his relationship to man.

Modern electronic devices may appear to invade the courtroom undetected and to leave the judicial processes unaffected.

But something is altered in the relationship of man when by repeated usage "Candid Camera" becomes part of the judicial process.

We photograph, broadcast, and televise the Ecumenical Council at St. Peter's, the crowning of England's Queen in Westminster Abbey, and the swearing-in ceremonies of new American citizens in our naturalization courts.

Mr. Brucker asks why we televise these and not our judicial proceedings.

Because these contribute to the grandeur of man in his relationship to his society and to his God.

But to telecast our court proceedings invites the possible degradation of man and the deterioration of judicial administration.

For what purpose would those behind the lens and the mike enter the courtroom? To guard our judicial processes? To enhance them?

Or to serve the sensational, the bizarre, and the prurient?

Most coverage by the lens and mike today deals with murder cases.

Bad enough. It would be worse, for repeal Judicial Canon 35—and a Pandora's box opens up.

The lens and mike could enter the Magistrate's Court—the "people's court"—exposing to public glare the forlorn wife, the would-be suicide, the distressed in mind, or the innocent child.

Pre-trial publicity deprived three-time murderer Francis Henry Bloeth of a fair trial in Suffolk County, New York, the United States Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit found last month.

Jurors pre-judged Bloeth guilty from stories they had read.

The appeals court found, ". . . The influence that lurks in an opinion once formed is so persistent that it unconsciously fights detachment from the mental process of the average man."

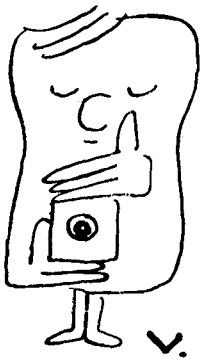
In our system of justice man is called upon to judge his fellow man. In the context of judicial experience, we conclude, any extraneous influence (pre-trial or concurrent) detracts from that mental detachment required to assume this infinite function and abridges the individual's right to a fair trial.

The administration of justice, the need to be free of distractions, is tenuous enough without the lens or mike.

And no body of factual data exists, no point is advanced by Mr. Brucker indicating in the least that a person's right to a fair trial would be enhanced by picture-taking, broadcasting and television. This right to a fair trial is the *sine qua non*.

Our basic freedoms depend on two institutions, the press and the law. Between them there is a balance of rights and powers. Sometimes one institution, in seemingly carrying out its function, can intrude on the other.

With mutual restraint and respect, let the press and the law work to maintain this balance, the freedom of our country, and the affinity between our practitioners.



Behind Bars

(*Continued from page 55*)

though the editor discusses each issue carefully with his supervisor, and often seeks his opinion, censorship, as such, is nonexistent. *The Atlantian* is not opposed to printing controversial material, but it feels that if it seeks to denounce or destroy, it should offer something constructive in return. Articles filled with petty gripes and hates are not solicited, and are returned if contributed—anything detrimental to the welfare of the prisoner is not welcome."

This policy, together with the editorial know-how to carry it out, has given *The Atlantian* such a high place among penal publications that almost no prison editor is disposed to argue that it shouldn't be ranked at the top, or at least very close to it. An extensive inquiry among prison journalists did, however, reveal one dissenter: Tom Whiteside, the articulate and outspoken editor of *The Angolite*, published at the state prison in Angola, Louisiana. Says Whiteside: "*The Atlantian* has gone over to the sociologists, the theorists among employed personnel. It no more reflects prison life than Kant or St. Thomas reflected the lives of the common people in their ages. Philosophy, erudite sociology, and the like have their place in the affairs of men, and, perchance, the philosophy of yesterday may determine what the man of today is, but to write news we must stick close to a man's belly and his adventures in reality rather than go all out in abstract thought."

ALONG with a number of other prison editors, Whiteside argues that censorship is the single problem most destructive of good journalism. "Most prison publications," he says, "give, as their reason for existence, the 'opportunity afforded the inmate body for self-expression.' To us this is hogwash. To begin with, very few of the inmates contribute to the publications, and the writings of those who do are censored. In some cases the censorship is so rigid that the writing is like carved ice."

At the same time, there are signs that censorship is becoming a less severe problem as administrative officials and penologists become increasingly aware that, since one purpose of the prison press is communication with readers beyond the walls, any editorial limitations are automatically self-defeating. Commenting on the growing readership of the prison press among sociologists, penologists, jurists, and ordinary citizens concerned with prison reform (one

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estimate puts it at about 30 per cent of total circulation), R. E. Upton, Jr., education director of the Florida State Prison at Raiford, observes: "Censorship of the prison press is less and less in evidence today as . . . administrators recognize that public interest in prison problems is necessary. This de-control of inmate publications has encouraged a change in content from the 'joke book' of a decade ago to the truly penological investigative journal of today. Both inmates and penologists are seeking answers to common problems."

The penal press, a uniquely American invention, apparently had its beginning in 1883 when the New York State Reformatory at Elmira started publishing its weekly newspaper, *The Summary*. In the eighty years since, it has grown not only in technical and editorial skill but also in its philosophy, which reflects a sure-handed knowledge of the prison publication's challenges. This fact is nowhere more evident than in the comments of the editors themselves when they discuss the role of their journals:

►"Though our paper is written, edited, and printed by and for inmates, we always have the enlightenment of the public in mind. We hope to communicate to the public that we are men and women, not ogres, as they so often believe. . . . Penology can only inch forward in the face of misconceptions, traditional fear, and blind prejudice. We hope our efforts help dissipate these things" (Walter J. Faherty, editor, *The Mentor*, Massachusetts Correctional Institution, South Walpole, Massachusetts).

►"There are many sensitive, highly articulate men in the nation's prisons, and . . . these men are trying to reach the public through the only avenue of communication open to them, the prison press" (Harold Stroup, editor, *The Pendleton Reflector*, Indiana Reformatory, Pendleton, Indiana).

►"It is our intention to paint the true picture of the convict so that we (the convicts) will recognize our areas of weakness and take positive steps of correction" (Thomas Redgate, editor, *The Weekly Progress*, branch prison, Marquette, Michigan).

►"As long as society remains ignorant regarding felons, the felon will harbor resentment against society" (Merle E. Peterson, editor, *The Prison Mirror*, Minnesota State Prison, Stillwater, Minnesota).

►"It seems to me that public education, or propaganda if you prefer, is the real role of the prison publication. Most people have a pretty hazy idea of what prisons and prisoners are like, even after completing the usual high school or college course in intro-

'WHAT A PAIN IN THE NECK THAT CHAP DE GAULLE IS . . ! '

De Gaulle Against the West

FIVE years ago France was a small European nation teetering on the brink of collapse, a weak nation worn out from its continual political chaos at home and from its debilitating and demoralizing involvement in wars in Algeria and Indochina.

Today France is still a small European nation, but it is now behaving as if it were a giant in world affairs. It is a revitalized nation, whose citizens now hold their heads high with renewed pride. It has successfully concluded the long Algerian conflict, its economy is stable and among the most rapidly growing in the world, and it is well on its way toward becoming an independent nuclear power.

One man is responsible for this remarkable transformation of France: Gen. Charles de Gaulle.

History will applaud him for this, but history will also assign to him the principal responsibility should the European Economic Community be shattered and the Western Alliance be split into rival economic and political factions.

At his press conference on Jan. 14, de Gaulle precipitated the worst intramural political crisis the Western world has experienced since the end of World War II; France's later action in actually blackballing Britain's admission into the EEC was anticlimactic.

De Gaulle has acted with blatant and exalted disregard of the repeatedly expressed desires and vital interests of all the other nations of the Western Alliance. He is obviously unalterably committed to the idea that what is good for France is good for the Free World.

AT BEST, the Common Market will stagnate for many months, because major decisions require unanimous approval; at worst, the Common Market will collapse.

Although Washington must be itching to apply pressures designed to salvage the chaotic situation by attempting to force or cajole de Gaulle into a more reasonable posture, it would seem the course of wisdom for the United States to keep hands off for a while.

We must, of course, keep constantly informed and we must carefully examine all plans for restoring unity to the Western Alliance.

But we had best wait and see if France's Common Market partners might not be successful in their concerted attempts to effect the unbelievable: a change in the general's mind.

Reprinted from The Denver Post

Palmer Hoyt,
Editor and Publisher

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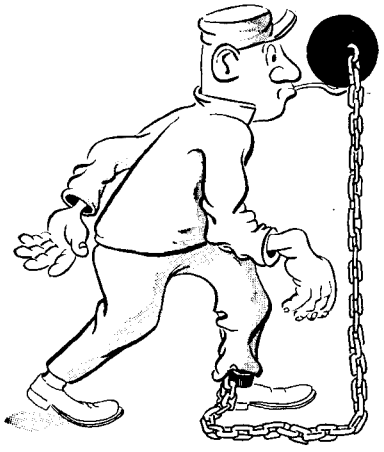
ductory sociology. Many, if they think of prisons at all, think of them either as places where men are subjected to all sorts of physical and spiritual torment and brutality—which is seldom true these days—or as reformation factories where erring offenders are magically transformed into tame and respectable and productive members of society—which has never been true. They think of prisoners as either Burt Lancasters in stripes, if they are romantically inclined or have read much cheap fiction, or as totally evil and degenerate and feebleminded types who are better off in prison anyway. Reading prison press publications won't always correct their thinking, because



EGG AND SPOON RACE

—Jack Heise in The Atlantian.

some of us try to perpetuate the more romantic ideas about us; but when the editor and his writers are conscientious and objective and let the readers form their own conclusions from the material they publish, real good is done" (Tom Whiteside, editor, *The Angolite*, Louisiana State Prison, Angola, Louisiana).

If the first task of the press is simply to be aware of its task, prison journalists as a whole would seem to rate high. Despite the fact that many of them must produce their publications under conditions unimaginable to any outside editor or reporter with a paste pot to call his own, they nevertheless turn out some of the most relevant and responsible journals to be found anywhere. And the best of them, conscious of the special role of the prison press, express only two main concerns—that despite the accessibility of most prison publications, few outsiders are even aware of the job they are doing; and that, when the prison journalist is finally released, he will stand an almost nonexistent chance of being asked to put to use some of the ruggedest and most valuable on-the-job training available anywhere.

Letters

(*Continued from page* 51)

at Richmond, Virginia, recommended that the tax exemption of this foundation be revoked. The foundation protested. I do not know what the Internal Revenue Service decided. But in a ten-year period this foundation took in over $9,000,000 and gave to charity less than $3,000,000. Let's all get foundationalized!

J. Wilson Harrison.

Spartanburg, S.C.

Mr. Markel's desire to define "pluralism" as something which can be directed to specific situations shows that he, too, has been caught in the "one voice" web that Mr. Colburn has so intelligently recognized. The evening of the "Cuban broadcast" I watched, filled with horror, and audibly addressed Mr. Kennedy as "You *fool!* you *fool!*" over and over. From then until the following noon, I heard every possible newscast. At the end of this vigil, I found myself in complete agreement with the President's policy. This change startled me!

I took a slight survey of some fifteen persons, asking, "Do you favor the policy?" and "Were you in favor when you *first* heard it announced?" Six people answered "yes" to question No. 1 and "no" to question No. 2. What caused this change? Not one dissenting remark did I hear from "newsmen" during the initial period of crisis!

It is well known that the "mass mind" can be easily molded. (Heil Hitler!) Mr. Markel's error is that he has isolated "newsmen" from the mass. Have they some special mental ability that permits them clarity of thought while the rest of us are being influenced?" I don't believe it!

Patricia F. Charney.

Washington, D.C.

I was very unhappy with Lester Markel's "The Management of the News." I had counted on the *Times* to resist, not defend, government management of the news. Mr. Markel fails to make an important distinction. There *is* a difference between the government's withholding of information when secrecy is necessary and the government's "managing" the news. One is "not telling"; the other is "lying." The significance of this difference may be seen by considering Mr. Markel's statements of what happened during the latest known Cuban crisis. How does Mr. Markel know this is what happened? To a large extent he is relying on the word of admitted liars.

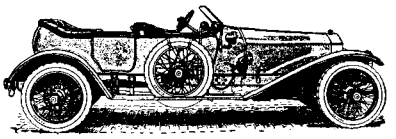
Mr. Markel's defense of government lying is that it is necessary in a propaganda war. Most people used to think all propaganda was bad. Then we were told that there was good propaganda and bad propaganda. The good propaganda was anything that was favorable to our side so long as it didn't contain anything actually false. Now Mr. Markel wants to remove this restriction. It should be clear that after the government gets caught a few more times, this sort of good propaganda will be good for nothing.

Irwin Bernhardt.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE SAGE OF EAST AURORA

Concerning Harry Golden's "Last of the Personal Journalists?" [*SR*, Jan. 12], I feel that he gave an inadequate treatment of the "Sage of East Aurora." Elbert Hubbard's *The Philistine* could better be described as a magazine rather than a newspaper. Quoting Golden: "'I propose to write every single article and paragraph



in it, including advertisements,' promised Hubbard, and he did." I think this statement is somewhat misleading. *The Philistine* was started in 1895 with contributions of several writers, Eugene Fields, George Bernard Shaw, and Rudyard Kipling (without benefit of permission). Hubbard was then sued by Kipling for infringing on his copyright and Kipling was awarded a settlement.

Harry P. Taber was the first editor of *The Philistine*. In the October 16, 1926, issue of *Saturday Review* Mr. Taber claimed that the idea for this periodical did not originate with Hubbard. Mr. Tabor also stated that Hubbard probably did not write all the articles. In *Saturday Review* for March 16, 1940, Benjamin Decasseras claimed that a number of his articles were attributed in print to Hubbard. Even the authorship of "A Message to Garcia" was questioned.

Quoting Golden: "Every noted visitor to America asked to be taken to East Aurora, New York, to meet Hubbard." Although Hubbard had many visitors, I doubt if people of significant importance wanted to see Hubbard. People of real intellectual stature looked down on Hubbard and his writings as ludicrous, trivial, and trashy.

Paul McKee.

Rochester, N.Y.

WHEN YOU SPEAK FOR BUTTER

While we certainly were pleased that our efforts have apparently been of a noticeable magnitude, Mr. Kogan in "When You Speak for the Trade" [*SR*, Feb. 9] is not quite correct when he attributes our efforts to a sudden decline of two pounds in per capita butter consumption. As any U.S. Department of Agriculture report will clearly show, butter consumption per capita has remained fairly stable the past three years at around seven and a half pounds.

While it may not have been the intention, the way our program was presented in the story gives the impression that we are merely reacting to a serious problem. This may be the net result, but we prefer to think we are carrying on a well-planned, long-range program. If the American Medical Association, or any other competent

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source of health news, says something we think the public should know about, certainly we incorporate these statements into our work, but we don't sit around 'ting for someone else to say something us.

While I'm writing, let me add that I look forward to each issue of *Saturday Review* with great interest and especially enjoy the Communications issue.

FRANK R. NEU,
Director, Public Relations,
American Dairy Association.
Chicago, Ill.

BUT IS IT PAY-TV?

YOU HAVE ONLY confused matters by publishing that letter from Russel L. Brown of Ketchikan, Alaska. Mr. Brown is not talking about pay-TV, but about a community antenna television system, which as you know is an entirely different matter. CATV merely relays regular television programs to people who are outside the station's normal service area. The subscriber who pays for this service receives the same programs, with commercials, which he would receive on his home antenna if he lived closer in.

JOHN W. WILLIS.
Washington, D.C.

LOST AND FOUND

I MISSED L. L. L. Golden in your last communications issue. The issue seemed mplete without him.

JOHN NAISBITT,
Director of Public Information,
National Safety Council.
Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *See page 60.*

Audio-Video

Continued from page 57

diversity of popular music. Talk at any time is a gamble: WINS is taking that gamble in the highly competitive New York market as the trade arches its eyebrows in dubious expectation. The WBC staff is proud of the fact that its members are "broadcasters" and not organ-grinders. They inherited a highly profitable rock-'n'-roll operation, and they are determined to infiltrate it slowly and carefully with better style and programs.

Sneaking in the back doors of the schedule on Sundays they already have Dr. Bergen Evans ("Words in the News"), Nat Hentoff ("Jazz and Religion"), and "The Living Shakespeare," a BBC import, plus expanded news coverage during the newspaper strike. "The beauty part," as S. J. Perelman would have it, is that programs such as these require listening with *two* ears plus a mind. WINS will accomplish something important if it can built a new audience without losing the old—or, better yet, if it can move some of the old into the new. But if you have to listen with both ears, then the audience may start feeling guilty because it can't listen and do something else at the same time. Radio will have lost its advantage over television. But the dilemma would appear to be a remote one. Meanwhile, the WINS modification of the guiltless medium will bear watching.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

"Care to throw a few coins down the well and see if they make a ripple?"

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, 60¢ per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times 52¢ per word each insertion; 26 times 54¢ per word each insertion; 13 times 56¢ per word each insertion; 6 times 58¢ per word each insertion. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, New York.

LITERARY SERVICES

TOPS IN TYPING—LEAHEYS, Seven Park Avenue, NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Also tapes. Ambassador Office Service, 17 East 48th Street, NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING—IBM. Also from TAPE. Joyce Smith, 931 Madison Avenue, NYC. BUtterfield 8-8316.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1509

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. British father, brilliant inventor, and daughter, both writers and educators, 1744-1849.

B. Metal filings.

C. Describing person or thing which has assumed, or been given, the form (of something else; 3 wds.).

D. Different or additional ones.

E. What Dirck and Joris started out with the hero to bring to Aix in Browning's fictional poem, 1845 (3 wds.).

F. Makes such allowance or correction as will reduce (any things, ideas, etc.) to a common standard.

G. Followed by "and heaven too", 2 wds. used by Matthew Henry to describe his sainted father's life (O.D.Q.).

H. Uncooked substance traditionally good to relieve a black eye, but now much too costly for that use (2 wds.).

I. Seventeenth-cent. musical instrument like a large lute with an extra neck to carry bass strings.

J. Macbeth's greeting to the witches, 2 wds. now used more commonly in a different connection.

K. Father of Aeneas.

WORDS

141 12 97 181 15 78 41 28 82

128 83 139 134 58

116 37 179 2 71 98 31 167 10 61

17 32 180 132 110 55

145 39 13 30 63 107 80 24 148 133 125

104 169 88 176 50 160 7

8 177 91 1 66 29 51

175 114 56 87 42 5 75

130 146 113 150 14 93 74

120 40 33 21 138 64

76 117 38 131 20 9 143 89

DEFINITIONS

L. The oboe "that nobody blows good" (Laurence McKinney's famous description; 2 wds.).

M. Refute in a formal manner.

N. Giddy, gossiping woman; one of King Lear's fiends.

O. Somewhat jocular phrase to be applied to an exasperating human being. (3 wds.).

P. Stanza, esp. of Irish poetry.

Q. Imaginary region whose "horns" may be heard "faintly blowing" (Tennyson's *Princess*).

R. Anatomy's word for a process of a bone.

S. Small lump, often in wool fabrics.

T. Important water highway bet. eastern and central Europe, internationalized in Treaty of Versailles, 1919.

U. Muddy places where animals like to roll.

V. Useful product, native at the Dead Sea, and in Trinidad; also commercially produced from petroleum.

W. Region where William of Orange landed in England, 1688, now yachting center.

X. Growing crops or the profits thereof.

Y. Surgeon in U.S. Continental Army, signer of Declaration (1745-1813).

WORDS

90 103 151 108 185 49 43

72 34 102 162 65

136 129 26 60 156 86 4 44 171 118 95

35 147 53 123

6 54 164 124 182 22 69 119 157 109

27 165 84 96

67 166 173 178 144 79 106

153 77 45 19 85 187 105 11 115

168 159 135 99 112 57

152 183 142 155 101 121

68 36 186 59 161 126 18

23 73 46 16 25 62 52

81 174 94 158 100 48 92

111 184 140 47 3 122 127 172 70 163

137 170 154 149

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

					1 G	2 C	3 X	4 N	5 H		6 O	7 F		8 G		9 K
10 C	11 R	12 A	13 E	14 I		15 A	16 V	17 D		18 U	19 R	20 K	21 J	22 O		23 V
24 E		25 V	26 N	27 P	28 A	29 G	30 E	31 C	32 D		33 J	34 M	35 N		36 U	37 C
38 K	39 E	40 J	41 A	42 H	43 L		44 N	45 R		46 V	47 X	48 W	49 L	50 F		51 G
52 V	53 N	54 O	55 D		56 H	57 S	58 B	59 U		60 N	61 C	62 V	63 E	64 J		65 M
66 G	67 Q		68 U	69 O	70 X	71 C	72 M	73 V		74 I	75 H		76 K		77 R	78 A
79 Q	80 E		81 W	82 A	83 B	84 P		85 R	86 N		87 H	88 F	89 K	90 L	91 G	92 W
	93 I	94 W	95 N	96 P	97 A	98 C		99 S	100 W	101 T	102 M	103 L	104 F	105 R		106 Q
107 E	108 L	109 O		110 D	111 X	112 S	113 I	114 H	115 R	116 C	117 K	118 N		119 O	120 J	121 T
122 X		123 N	124 O		125 E	126 U	127 X	128 B	129 N		130 I	131 K	132 D		133 E	134 B
135 S		136 N	137 Y	138 J	139 B		140 X	141 A	142 T	143 K	144 Q	145 E	146 I		147 N	148 E
149 Y	150 I	151 L	152 T		153 R		154 Y	155 T	156 N	157 O	158 W	159 S	160 F	161 U	162 M	163 X
	164 O	165 P	166 Q	167 C	168 S	169 F	170 Y	171 N	172 X		173 Q	174 W	175 H		176 F	177 G
178 Q		179 C	180 D	181 A		182 O	183 T	184 X	185 L	186 U	187 R					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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Formentor beach on Majorca Island. Iberia Air Lines has daily flights to Majorca from six Spanish cities.

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